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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIV.—No. 2270

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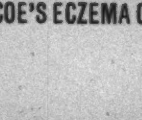

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FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

From a Photograph by William Dinwiddie made in Bloemfontein for "Harper's Weekly," by permission of Lord Roberts and Lord Stanley, Press Censor.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 23, 1900

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Philippines, Porto Rico, and Guam

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square
LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

The United States and China

IT is to be hoped that the Administration will adhere to its wise policy of confining the operations of the United States in China to the protection and safeguarding of American interests, for this is all that the American people need or want. The United States are hungry for trade, but we have no particular lust for land, and the sole object of the powers who are now taking a hand in this Oriental mix-up is to add to their empire. Empire is the dearest dream of the Kaiser; empire is the key-note to the situation in Russia; to establish and maintain an empire is the avowed object of Great Britain; and there is no good reason why this should not be the condition of affairs in all these lands. These various nations are at least no hypocrites in seeking vast outlying territories. The very titles of their rulers are an outspoken declaration of their imperial aspirations. Germany is ruled by an Emperor; England has an Empress at the head of her affairs of state; and Russia has a Czar, which is an Emperor plus, rather than minus. France would have an Emperor if she could, and she truly ought if she wishes to be honest with the world. Europe is no place for Presidents. But we are on a different basis altogether. We are a nation of plain people who do not consider the love of work a stigma. We like it. We like business. To be in trade and to trade decently and honorably is the highest aspiration of the best of us. Imperial splendor, the glory of empire, we enjoy as we enjoy a show, but we do not let them interfere with business if we can help it. The drone who cares nothing for money, never having earned a penny, is the most unhappy of our products, and fortunately, comparatively, we do not produce many of his kind. We are in every sense of the word a commercial people, and there is no reason why we should be ashamed of the fact.

Certain wise and ponderous folk talk about our commercialism as if it were a crime, but we can well afford to let them talk so if it pleases them, for they are, after all, what Governor ROOSEVELT would call "vain prattlers" who consider big words evidence of the highest wisdom, ponderous and pessimistic thought the outward and visible sign of the deepest philosophy, and the portentous shaking of a massive head the surest indication of inherent sagacity. Lord save us! Commercialism a crime! If it be so, the baker who makes his loaves to sell is a criminal; the butcher who sells us our beef and mutton is a very highwayman, and the groceryman who sends us our coffee, tea, and sugar should be hanged like TURPIN; the fellow who brings us our milk in the morning is a sharp, and the iceman is worthy of the deepest damnation to be visited in the future life upon that most wicked of all created things—the Trust.

Every man who works and who renders a good return for the money paid to him, and who loves labor because he wishes to keep himself from idleness, whatever his station in life, is an ornament to society, and not otherwise. The man who by his industry rises from small transactions to larger responsibilities is a man who has advanced and who has something to be proud of. He who still further develops and becomes a controlling factor in the business of the nation, provided his efforts are along lines of decency, integrity, and to the preservation and promotion of that which is truest and best among us, is the supreme expression of American manhood. He cannot be pulled down by the specious significance of ponderous words misused or coined by dyspeptic failures, or by the arguments of demagogues who would destroy him with vain and empty phrases.

We have now a precious opportunity to show the real truth to the rest of the world. We have been accused of entertaining imperialistic notions, when, as a matter of fact, we have none of them. Such outlying lands as we have acquired have come to us not because we wanted them, but because we could not evade the responsibility for their welfare which came upon us unsought as the inevitable result of the war with Spain. To-day China is to be partitioned. It is for us to demonstrate that we, as a nation, want nothing of it, and that our sole desire is to be permitted to do business there. Let the other nations have the land, the empire—anything they may choose to want. It is the part of the United States to insist solely upon their right to be friendly with their neighbors, to sell to them what we raise by honest toil and to buy from them what we need and can afford to pay for.

The only people we should embroil ourselves with should be those who would try to keep us from our just dues. These should have short shrift, and the policy inaugurated by President McKINLEY and his cabinet is in no wise opposed to this principle: it is indeed a plain notification to the whole world that we intend to insist upon our rights, and with no ulterior motives of gain which might give to us something to which we are not entitled.

The Republican Convention

BY the time this issue of the WEEKLY appears the Republican National Convention will have been gathered together, and before it ceases to be current the men who in all probability are to be the next President and Vice-President of the United States will have been placed in nomination. Nothing short of a miracle can change the prospects of Mr. McKINLEY for renomination. There is no discordant note anywhere in the party on this point, and that he will be acclaimed, as from a strict party point of view he undoubtedly deserves to be without a dissenting voice, is at this time reasonably certain. Nor is there any question as to what planks the platform will hold. Events rather than men have written these into the Republican doctrine, and the rulers of that party have shown themselves wiser than their adversaries by accepting the inevitable and trying to make the best of it. To do this has not been an unduly difficult task. While it is unfortunate for the country at large that the party in power for the past four years has not been confronted by a very intelligent opposition, the fact that the opposition has been so puerile and irresponsible has served to point out with unerring certainty the path along which it should direct its course. A sincere, honorable, and statesmanlike opposition might have bettered things for the United States as a nation, but the Republican party has managed to get along without it, and has with the aid of a sturdy leaven of independence in its own ranks managed to serve the people well. Its platform, laid down upon the foundations of its performance, unobscured by planks introduced for political effect only, should make a strong appeal to the best intelligence of the country.

The Vice-Presidential Nomination

THE main interest in the deliberations of the convention, at this writing, lies in the contest for the Vice-Presidency. The situation is a most unusual one, and grows out of the conditions of the Presidential nomination. With the chief candidacy practically settled in advance, there is little chance for politics of the usual convention sort in the determination of who shall have second place. The cohorts of the chief are not required upon this occasion to dicker with the partisans of a would-be Vice-President in order to secure the nomination of their leader, so that the chances are largely in favor of the selection of a candidate upon his merits rather than upon the expediences of convention politics. The situation is still further unusual because of the great amount of good Vice-Presidential timber in reserve. Some of it is very coy, a portion of it is very amusing, but the bulk of it is reassuring to those who care to see the office filled with dignity and ability. With probably a dozen available candidates for the office, there seem to be but two possible mistakes the convention can make, one of which would involve it in such a ridiculous predicament that the error is not likely to be made, and the other of which would require the party's at present most strenuous figure to make a personal sacrifice which the exigencies of the situation do not demand, and would furthermore deprive the whole people of his service in a field of far greater influence and power. It would be far better to select a man whose chief distinction seems to be that he can out-talk WILLIAM J. BRYAN, even if he has few other qualifications for the office, than to make any such egregious error as either of them would be.

A Lost Opportunity

SENATOR HOAR of Massachusetts and the Hon. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, of Nebraska, both deny with some vehemence that they have ever written letters to Señor EMELIO AGUINALDO, of the Philippine Islands. Of course, if these gentlemen state it to be a fact that they have never been in correspondence with the Filipino chief, all that the rest of us can do is to take their word for it and let the matter go at that. We think it a pity, however, that the facts should turn out to be as they are. We were rather in hopes that these gentlemen would acknowledge that they had written to AGUINALDO such letters, for instance, as Uncle GEORGE might have written to ROLLO. It would indeed have been much more to their credit if Messrs. BRYAN and HOAR could with equal truth have come out frankly at this time and said: "Why, yes, of course, we did write to that poor deluded chap in the East, and we gave him the only kind of advice that can do him any good. We told him in plain terms that he is fighting a hopeless cause, and that the sooner he gives up his futile opposition to the American forces and enables the Administration to get to the business of straightening out the affairs of the Philippines, unvexed by the exasperations of a fruitless and unnecessary conflict, the better it will be for all concerned. We wrote to him a second time, both of us, and we told him, as plainly as we knew how, that fundamentally the American designs upon the Filipinos and their territory were honest and our professions sincere, and that the quickest way for him and for his followers to achieve a lasting liberty for themselves and their suffering people lay in a complete and unconditional surrender. That is what we told Señor AGUINALDO when we wrote to him, and we do not care who knows it, for, as a matter of fact, we are rather proud of those letters."

It would have been a grand thing if the Senator from Massachusetts and the distinguished candidate from Nebraska could have acknowledged having written such letters as these. It would have been a kindly service to the rebellious Filipino for them to have done so—much more kindly than the wicked encouragement they have given him, by their speeches, and their general attitude toward his cause, to prolong his futile rebellion against American authority; and, furthermore, it would have been an act of the highest patriotism in behalf of their own country.

It is singular what glorious opportunities ordinarily sagacious statesmen and astute politicians occasionally let slip. If Mr. BRYAN had written a letter, such as we have outlined, to General AGUINALDO last autumn, the chances are that by next November the fighting Filipino would have been in a fair way to become a full-fledged American citizen; or if not quite so soon, in ample time at least to become eligible for the post of Secretary of War in the cabinet which, we understand, Mr. BRYAN is dreaming of putting together on or about the fifth day of March, 1901.

Japanese Emigration

ONE good result of the troubles in China has been the restriction placed upon Japanese emigration by the Japanese themselves. If there is to be a terrific conflict in the East, which many wise persons seem to think is inevitable, Japan will need all the men she can lay her hands on, and she is not going to let an ounce of available fighting material go out of her jurisdiction if she can help it. The effect of this is to relieve us of a situation which was bound sooner or later to become troublesome, and it has all been done in such a way as to cement rather than disturb the friendly feeling between the two nations.

One cannot help wishing that some European disturbances might arise which would force Italy and some of the other Continental nations into a similar display of friendship toward the United States. We have not been having an easy time of late years with certain classes of our imported citizens, and any measure of relief that may be adopted to keep the more obnoxious of them out should be hailed with delight.

The Situation in the Far East

By R. Van Bergen.

IN the early part of this year it seemed as if Japan had gained a great diplomatic victory in Peking. Mr. Yano, Japan's minister, resigned to take office as adviser to the Empress. It was, perhaps, excusable that he crowed pretty loud, for his success warranted a little boasting; but it was his undoing. He should not have stated publicly "that he was going to Tokyo for instructions." Russia, alarmed at the prospective influence of Japan, took measures to defeat it. Adepts at the game of politics, intimately acquainted with Orientals, semi-Asiatics themselves—*Grattez le Russe et vous trouvez le Tartare*, as the Frenchman has it—the Russians at Peking laid their wires in a truly admirable manner. In a few weeks the Boxers appeared upon the scene. Honeycombed with secret societies, none of them ever had such a sudden rise into prominence. What was the cause of it?

No Russian diplomat pretends to know it all, and not one of them ever dreams of boasting of his successes. They know better. These accomplished gentlemen are always studying, always learning, and their memory is made retentive by constant practice. Japan's adventures in poor, wretched Cho-sŏn (Korea) had shown the Russian diplomats a new method of fishing in troubled waters. Five years ago the Tonghåk insurrection furnished Japan with the means to test her army and navy; why should not a similar disturbance in China create an opportunity for Russia to secure an immovable foothold in the heart of China?

The International Rough-Riders.

Since the advent of Peter the Great, two centuries ago, Russia has aimed at universal or world monarchy. Muscovia, as it was then called, covered at that time an area of only 265,000 square miles. Peter says, himself: "For some years I had the fill of my desires on Lake Pereyaslavl, but finally it got too narrow for me. I then went to the Kubensky Lake, but that was too shallow. I then decided to see *the open sea*, and began often to beg the permission of my mother to go to Archangel." By the peace of Nystadt (1721) Russia gained the Baltic Provinces; but the building of St. Petersburg (1703) had given "a great window for Russia to look out at Europe." The partition of Poland is well known. The treaty of Kutschouk Kainardji (1774) extended Russian territory to the northern coast of the Black Sea, and nine years later the Crimea was annexed; then the land between the Dnieper, Bug, and Dniester was secured from Turkey, and in 1795, by the third partition of Poland, Russia gained an area of 181,000 square miles.

The policy inaugurated by Peter the Great was followed most conscientiously by his successors. Under Alexander I. (1801-1825) Mingrelia and Imeretia were annexed in 1803, Shiroan in 1806, Finland, East Bothnia, and part of West Bothnia in 1809. By the Peace of Bucharest, Bessarabia was added, and the Congress of Vienna (1815) gave her the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. Nicholas I. (1825-1855) did as well as his predecessor. Russia secured her position on the Black Sea by the Treaty of Adrianople (1829), after extending her Asiatic frontier the year before by gaining the Persian provinces of Erivan and Nakihitcheven. The Crimean war proved a temporary backset, but Russia was not slow in recovering; for in 1870 Prince Gortchakoff declared that the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris were null and void. The Russo-Turkish war ended by the Treaty of San Stefano, and, besides several other valuable considerations, Russia obtained Kars, Batoum, and other Armenian territory.

In Asia her growth was even more stupendous. In 1864 she had advanced to the Syr Daria. From that year her dominion grew apace—1865, Tashkend; 1866, Khojind; 1867, the Province of Syr Adria; 1868, Samarcand; 1869, Krasnovodok; 1873, Khiva; 1876, Ferghana; 1880, Askhabad; 1884, the Merv-Turcomans—and since!

But what has all this to do with the present condition of affairs in China? Only this: Russia aims at world monarchy, and she now covets the possession of the huge inert country. If, by the ignorance, hesitation, or culpable neglect of American and European statesmen, she is permitted to extend her territory at the expense of China, why, then she has a fair chance of success. It is generally acknowledged that most of the Chinese would make excellent soldiers; they certainly possess endurance, fortitude, and docility. They have not shown to any advantage under the leadership of their own countrymen; but, ill paid, ill fed, and ill treated, and without any previous training as they are, it would be miraculous if they should make a stand under fire, especially when their own officers set the example of running away. Russia, with her faculty of assimilating, would soon make excellent soldiers of them. A prominent Russian author (Prjevalski), fully competent to express an opinion, says of them, for reasons which are evident:

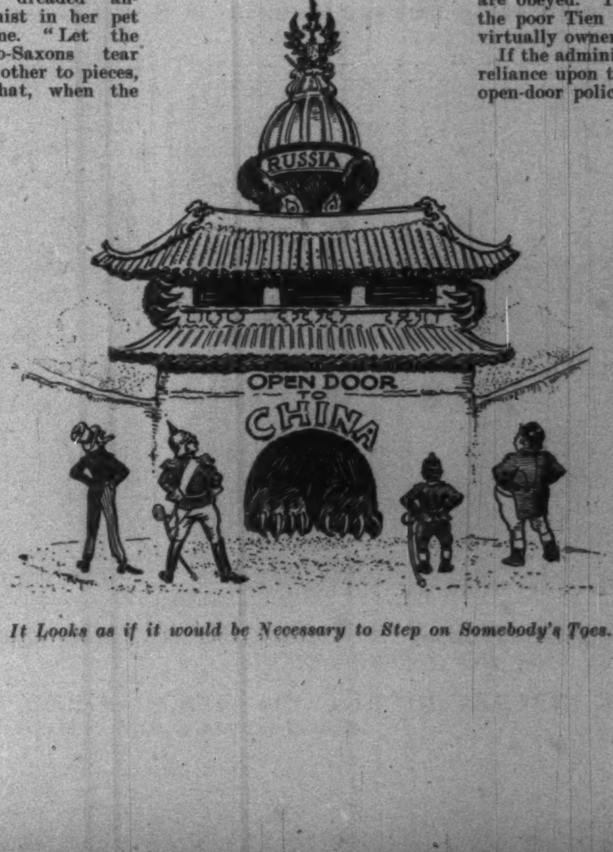
"She [China] lacks the proper material; she lacks the life-giving spirit. Let Europeans supply the Chinese with any number of arms that they please; let them exert themselves ever so energetically to train the Chinese soldiers; let them even supply leaders; the Chinese army will, nevertheless, even under the most favorable conditions, never be more than an artificially created, mechanically united, unstable organism." This scathing estimate is contradicted by those who had experience with them such as Wingrove Cooke, Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, Chinese Gordon, Ward, and Lord Wolseley. At any rate, Russia would soon prove that the Chinese possess considerable fighting material.

Since the Japan-China war she has taken the Middle Kingdom under her special "protection"; that is, she has singled out the whole country for herself. It was not at all unexpected, but the logical conclusion of preceding events. In 1850 Meadows wrote:

"China will not be conquered by any Western power until she becomes the Persia of some future Alexander the Great of Russia, the Macedon of Free Europe. England, America, and France will, if they are wise, wage severally or collectively a war of exhaustion with Russia rather than allow her to conquer China, for when she has done that she will be the *Mistress of the World.*"

When, in 1895, Japan was robbed of the fruit of her victories over China, by the ill-assorted triple alliance of Russia, France, and Germany, most admirably engineered by Count Cassini, now ambassador of his Majesty the Czar of all the Russias, at Washington, D. C., that astute diplomat undertook to convert the compulsory retroceded land into Russian territory. It is no wonder that he did accomplish this object; the wonder is that neither Great Britain nor the United States vetoed the acquisition. Prince Kung was entertained by Count Cassini, and paid for the reception with 187,000 square miles of land. Manchuria has an area of 363,720 square miles: it too acknowledges the will of the Czar.

A general impression prevails that Russia is friendly to the United States. Is it natural that a despotism *can* be friendly to a republic? And if so, why has not the spirit of freedom been admitted into the huge empire? But actions speak louder than words, and Russia gave proof of her friendship, both during the crucial period of the nation's life—the civil war—and in the sale of Alaska! Did any one ever inquire into the cause of this friendship? Was it from love of our institutions? It can't be. Or was it from the principle, *Divide et Impera!* "Let the republic grow up and strong, with deeply rooted hatred for the mother-country"—which happens to be Russia's only dreaded antagonist in her pet scheme. "Let the Anglo-Saxons tear each other to pieces, so that, when the time comes, Russia may step in and produce the millennium under the *Czar* OF ALL THE RUSSIAS."



It Looks as if it would be Necessary to Step on Somebody's Toes.

Proofs? The book is open to whosoever will read. The most astute of all of Russia's diplomats, polished, suave Count Cassini, was transferred from Peking to Washington. Was it in the course of promotion? Or was it with a view to what has happened and is actually happening, and to prevent an understanding between the United States and Great Britain?

The Attitude of Japan.

Has Russia any interests whatever in Mexico? None; absolutely none. Why, then, does she send smooth, polished Mr. Waeber from Korea to Mexico? In the course of promotion? The able pupil of Count Cassini may have other objects in view. He may be charged, for instance, with keeping alive the ill-feeling of the Spanish-Americans toward the Great Republic, so that, when the time comes, she too will have troubles of her own.

Again: Has Russia any interests in Brazil? Exactly as many as she has in Mexico. Why, then, does she send Mr. de Speyer, for many years the Czar's representative in Japan, to Brazil? Is it, perhaps, for the same purpose compelling Mr. Waeber's residence in Mexico? Russia is not sparing of her rubles, whenever it suits her purpose to be liberal, and at present all her schemes would prove abortive if the United States and Great Britain were to join in an absolute veto to further depredations in China.

But England is elsewhere engaged, and Russia has decided that the time has come to engage in active operations. Her only opponent is Japan, and by the first moves on the chess-board that country is placed at a disadvantage. Any other move would have suited Japan better. With Peking taken and rendered impregnable Russia can bid Japan do her worst. The Taku forts at the mouth of the Peiho, defended by the Czar's soldiers, would prove exceedingly difficult to take. Port Arthur will shield Russia's fleet, and is in such proximity as to render the landing of troops within the Gulf of Pechili a matter of serious risk. Russia's army in the Far East exceeds 100,000 men, but Japan can mobilize an army of five times that number, in individual courage equal to any in the service of the Czar, and imbued with a fiery patriotism. If Russia had made Korea the battle-ground, Japan would have had a fair chance of victory. As it is, all the chances are in favor of Russia, whose war funds, collected since many years, enable her to play a waiting game, which Japan cannot afford. A short, brilliant campaign is not on Russia's programme. Her object is the annexation of China, and to accomplish that purpose she will seize any means. In possession of the Forbidden City, edicts will be issued in poor Kuang Hsu's name, and the Cossack will see that they are obeyed. That Forbidden City with its occupant, the poor Tien tsz', or Son of Heaven, renders Russia virtually owner of China.

If the administration of the United States places any reliance upon the document signed by Russia as to the open-door policy, all that can be said is that the officials are singularly ignorant as to Russia's history and methods. Here is one instance: "In January, 1873, Count Schouvaloff had been sent on a special mission to pacify England with regard to the expedition against Khiva, and had then declared that 'not only was it far from the intention of the Emperor to take possession of Khiva, but positive orders had been prepared to prevent it, and directions given that the conditions imposed should be such as would not in any way lead to the prolonged occupation of Khiva.'" Notwithstanding this statement Khiva was made part of *All the Russias.* "Communication of intention," was said by way of excuse, "did not amount to an absolute promise."

Russia has proved repeatedly that her promises, even when absolute, are worthless, as soon as they clash with the furtherance of her boundless ambition. Treaties are abrogated for the same specious cause. Why, then, should Russia respect the open-door guarantee signed by

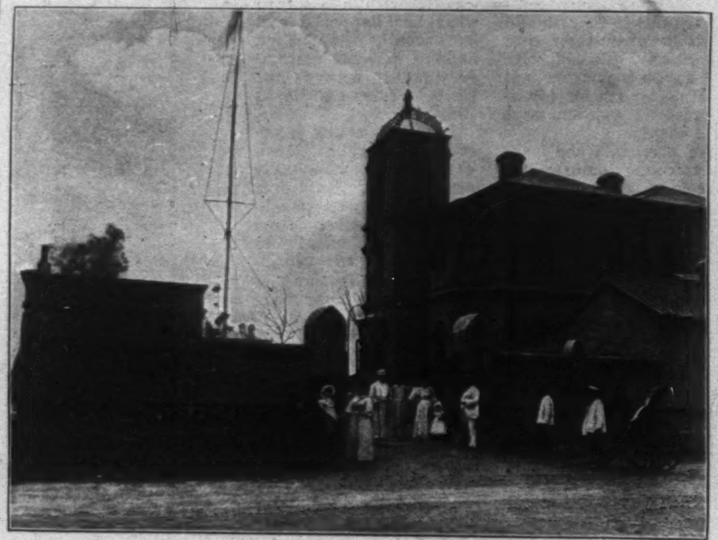
her. "We agreed," she might and surely would say, if she felt strong enough in her position, "to keep the open door in China, but not in Russia; and China is no more. Circumstances alter cases. When you began your war with Spain, you issued spontaneously a solemn declaration that it was no war of conquest; yet, when peace is declared, we find you in possession of Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. We did not object, did we? Then why do you object now?"

Japan *must* fight. With China under Russia's tutelage Japan would be hard put to it to maintain her independence, and all her hope of prospective and longed-for greatness must be abandoned. If no other power comes to Japan's assistance, Russia's game is won from the moment she takes the Forbidden City under her wings and has sufficient troops to hold it. If the United States, Great Britain, and Germany are wise, they will not merely prevent the taking of China's capital, but compel Russia to disgorge Manchuria and the Lias-Tung Peninsula. Her prestige is her only really vulnerable point. At present she is the terror of the Mandarins and the nightmare of the old Empress. Such action might not involve war, for Russia deprecates force when she can attain her object by diplomacy.

Lord Derby thus described that policy: "It has never been preceded by storm, but by sap and mine. The first process has been invariably that of fomenting discontent and dissatisfaction amongst the subjects of subordinate states, then proffering mediation, then offering assistance to the weaker party, then declaring the independence of that party, then placing that independence under the protection of Russia, and finally, from protection proceeding to the incorporation, one by one, of those states into the gigantic body of the Russian Empire." Lord Palmerston gave the following description in a letter to Lord Clarendon, dated May 22, 1853:

"The policy and practice of the Russian government has always been to push forward its encroachments as fast and as far as the apathy or want of firmness of other governments would allow it to go, but always to stop and retire when it was met with decided resistance, and then to wait for the next favorable opportunity to make another spring on its intended victim. In furtherance of this policy the Russian government has always had two strings to its bow—moderate language and disinterested professions at Petersburg and at London; active aggression by its agents on the scene of operations. If the aggressions succeed locally, the St. Petersburg government adopts them as a *fait accompli* which it did not intend, but cannot, in honor, recede from. If the local agents fail they are disavowed and recalled, and the language previously held is appealed to as a proof that the agents have overstepped their instructions. This was exemplified in the treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi, and in the exploits of Simonivitch and Vikovitch in Persia."

Russia, in China, has felt its way, and knows that the time is auspicious. The United States, on the eve of a Presidential campaign, are supposed to be harmless. Great Britain has troubles elsewhere. So Japan faces the music, and with all the disadvantages under which she suffers, may still give a good account of herself. Her pluck deserves success.

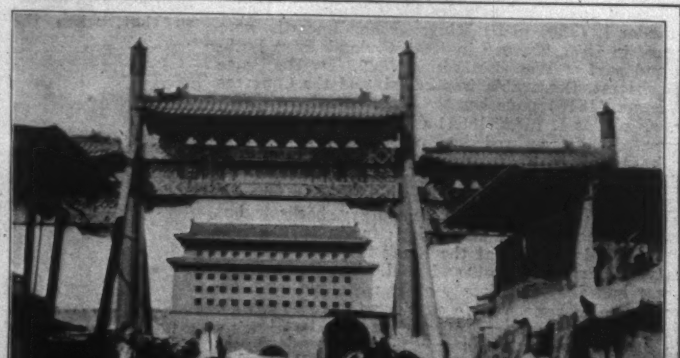


THE UNITED STATES CONSULATE, TIEN-TSIN.

VICTORIA ROAD, THE EUROPEAN QUARTER OF TIEN-TSIN.

THE CHINESE IMPERIAL RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE LAN-HO, NORTHEAST OF PEKING.

THE CHINESE IMPERIAL RAILWAY SHOPS AT TUNG-SHAN.



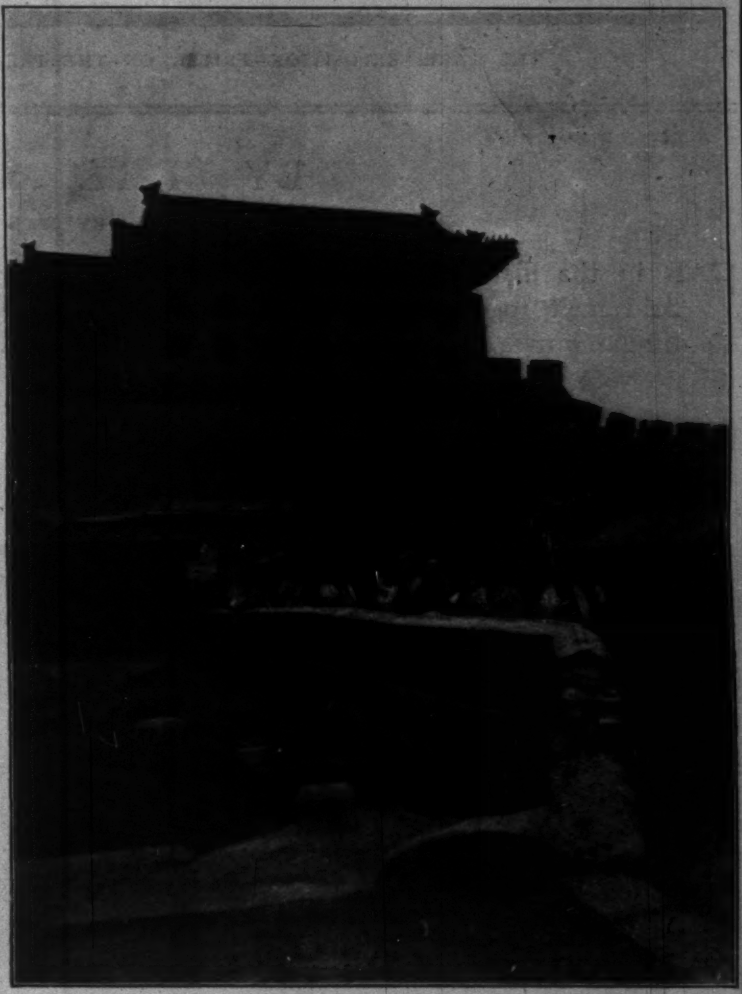
ENTRANCE TO THE NATIVE CITY, PEKING.

THE "BOXER" TROUBLES IN CHINA—SCENES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS.

THE TAKU FORTS, WHERE THE FOREIGN WAR-VESSELS ARE ASSEMBLED.

THE RAILROAD STATION AT TIEN-TSIN, WHICH THE BOXERS HAVE THREATENED TO BURN.

THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT PEKING, SHOWING UNITED STATES MINISTER CONGER.



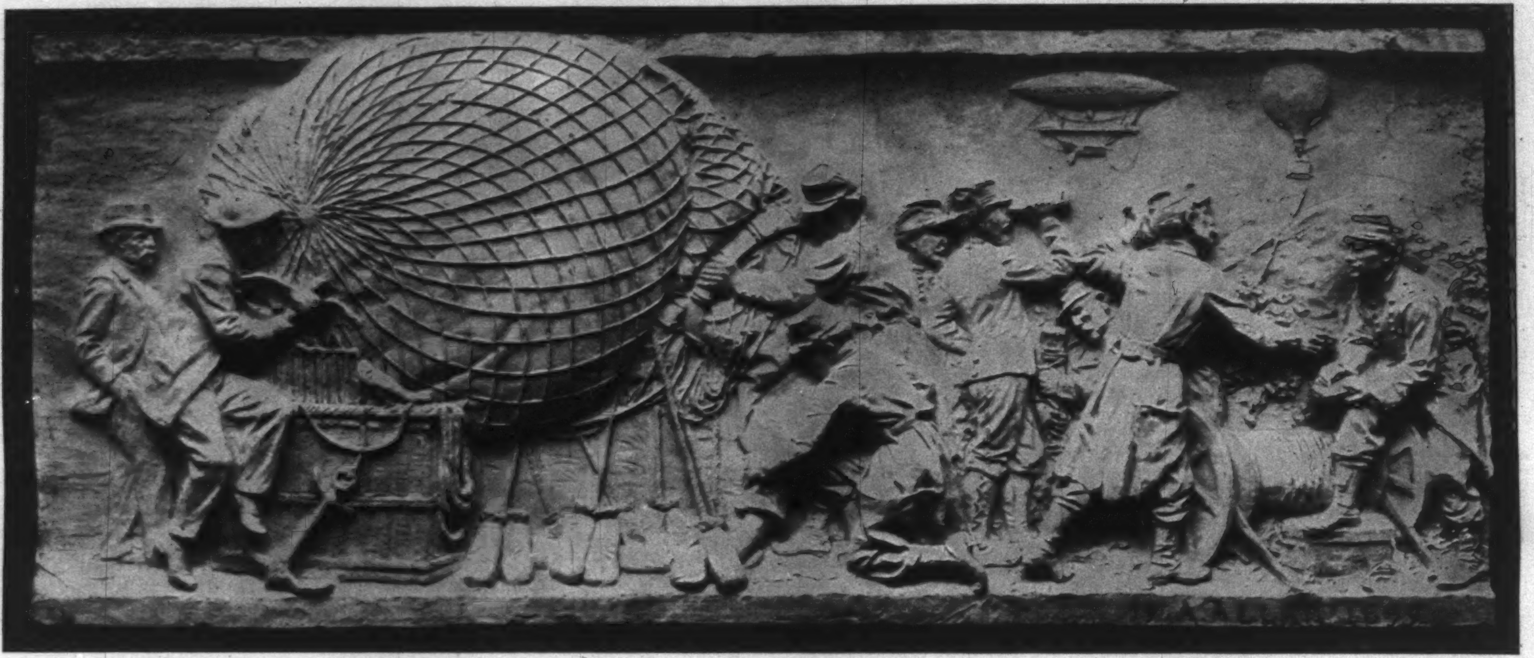
THE GREAT SOUTH GATE, PEKING, WHERE THE CHINESE TROOPS ARE ASSEMBLED.

GATEWAY TO THE AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING—THE WALL OF THE RUSSIAN LEGATION OPPOSITE.

THE FOREIGN CONSULATES, CHE-FU, WHITHER A UNITED STATES GUNBOAT HAS BEEN SENT FOR PROTECTION.

THE "BOXER" TROUBLES IN CHINA—SCENES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

BY THE SUMMER SEA

BY WALTER MALONE

FAR in the distance meet the sky and sea,
And melt together in an azure haze,
As dim and dreamy as eternity,
With vast, vague spaces lost in mellow maze.

The white-winged ships are flitting far away,
The white-winged gulls are circling there on high;
O snowy wings, I long to leave this clay,
And follow, follow you through sea and sky!

I watch the billows with their emerald glooms,
Forever restless, rushing on and on,
The breakers beating like an eagle's plumes,—
Wild beings, seeking peace forever gone!

Here, wading with their pink and pearly feet,
The beautiful barefooted children play;
Their faces, like their joys, are fresh and sweet,—
Blonde childhood in a blonde midsummer day!

Their life is laughter and their love is bliss,
Free from regret for perished years of yore,
Their world is one great blossom, youth a kiss,
Ere storms shall thunder, "Fled for evermore!"

I watch them, pensive, till the day is done,
And melancholy twilight follows noon,
Till like a blood-red tulip sinks the sun,
And like a snow-white lily comes the moon.

The Jonathan Edwards Memorial

ONE hundred and fifty years ago, the 22d day of June, the town of Northampton, Massachusetts, committed the most serious error of its history and brought upon itself humiliation and disgrace in the eyes of the ecclesiastical world by dismissing from the pastorate of its First Congregational Church that giant of Calvinistic theologians the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. The significance of this act is better appreciated when it is understood that at the time of Edwards's dismissal the church at Northampton was the strongest, in point of wealth and numbers, of any church in New England, outside of Boston; that Edwards had preached with wonderful success for twenty-three years, becoming the acknowledged leader of religious thought in New England, and one of the most potent influences upon the intellectual life of his time and of posterity; and finally, that the chief cause of the dismissal was the relatively unimportant act of Edwards in promulgating the doctrine that full confession of Christ was the essential qualification for admittance to the Lord's Supper. The dissatisfaction of the church had been aggravated by Edwards's attempt to publicly discipline many of the young people of the town for alleged immoral practices, and the dismissal, accomplished by a vote of 200 parishioners to 20, was accompanied by an exhibition of rage, hatred, and intolerance unparalleled in the church history of the New World.

The stigma of this unfortunate act has long been forgotten by the members of the First parish, still the leading church of Northampton, and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary is to be most uniquely and fittingly observed by the unveiling of a beautiful bronze tablet, erected within the church as a memorial to the eminent preacher who formerly glorified its pulpit. There are other memorials of the illustrious divine: A marble monument over the graves of Edwards and his wife at Princeton, New Jersey, erected by the trustees

of Princeton College, of which Edwards was President at the time of his death, in 1758; a window in the chapel of Yale College, from which Edwards was graduated in 1720, and where he served as a tutor for two years immediately preceding his call to Northampton, in 1727; two monuments erected in the old cemetery at Northampton by admirers, one a shaft bearing the names of Edwards and his family, the other a slab with inscriptions to Edwards and that other great theologian Chalmers; and a shaft at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where Edwards served as a missionary to the Indians for seven years after his dismissal from Northampton. The third Congregational society in Northampton, founded in 1833, bears the name of Edwards, and the church is often mistakenly regarded as the one of which Edwards was pastor. Strange to relate, however, the tablet soon to be unveiled is the only material recognition ever made of the relations once existing between Edwards and the First Church.

The tablet is the work of Mr. Herbert Adams, whose contributions to sculpture have won for him an eminent place among American artists. Notable among his productions are the bronze door "Manuscript" at the entrance of the Congressional Library in Washington, and the statue of Professor Henry in the rotunda of the Library. It is an interesting coincidence that Mr. Adams has also been at work upon a bronze statue of the great Unitarian theologian Channing, to be erected in the Public Garden at Boston. The Edwards tablet represents the famous preacher as addressing his people, the figure being two-thirds length and life size. Mr. Adams's treatment is thoroughly sympathetic, resulting from a careful study of the portraits, biographies, and personal memoirs of his subject. The popular tradition has chosen to think of Edwards as unmitigated hardness and severity, but it has done him a great injustice. Mr. Adams's figure, while missing nothing of the dignity and probity of Edwards's character, suggests also its gentler aspects, and gives to the features that touch of melancholy pathos which reminds one, though not obtrusively so, of the tragic close of his ministry in Northampton. It has been aptly described as "the farewell sermon in bronze." The accompanying illustration shows only the tablet proper. This is to be mounted in a massive green-oak frame, carrying out the chaste, severe design of the tablet border. The dimensions of the memorial entire will be eight feet in height, four and one-half feet in width. It is to cost $2000, of which the greater amount has been contributed by people outside of the church.

Mounted Infantry

Life In BLOEMFONTEIN

By William Dinwiddie

Legislative Hall

BRITISH flags float over all the public buildings of Bloemfontein, over the capital of the freest country on earth—so every one says who has lived in this Dutch Republic. It is sad that their legislators have led them into a trap. The Raadzaal of the Volksraad (or the halls where the administrative assembly held their sessions, even the last fatal one, when seventy-odd legislators agreed, behind closed doors, and without the consent of the people, to stand for united Africa and the assistance of the Transvaal against the invasion of the British) has been turned into a great English army hospital. The fine furniture and decorations were shoved out into the street as soon as Lord Roberts's forces arrived, and carted away for storage, and in the rooms where heavy-footed and solemn-visaged Dutchmen gathered to pass laws for the country half a thousand British Tommies lie, restlessly rolling in fever or recovering from Boer gunshot wounds.

The Presidency—or, as the British prefer to call it, the Residency—where the now-decamped President Steyn once lived in state, is held as a habitation and headquarters for Lord Roberts, and no longer do slouch-hatted Free-Staters, with woollen shirts and linen collars, pass in and out of the artistic gateway through the well-kept gardens, but, instead, throngs of top-booted and spurred Britishers, with immaculate uniforms and clean-shaven faces and an inclination to talk about their "baaths" (which they really look as if they took at two hours' intervals), ride up on well-groomed and docked horses, and flock through the side gate to receive orders from the Commander-in-Chief. Every morning at ten, guard-mounting is held on the little common before the Residency—rather a ceremonious affair, where the new guard comes marching up with a full brass-band, which one hears blocks away. As the old guard is relieved, Lord Roberts usually returns from a horseback ride, and the troops come stiffly to present arms, while the little man (who is the hero of the army now and well on his way to become its idol) returns the salute and passes through the gateway to a long and laborious day of toil.

Lord Roberts, or "Bobs," as he is affectionately spoken of in the army, is a wiry little man, quick in every movement, showing the nervous energy which possesses him. His deep, piercing eyes look into the other man's as if he would read his thoughts faster than his lips can frame the words. His gray mustache bristling over his mouth, and his visored cap drawn slightly over his eyes, give him a rather pugnacious air. He speaks in quick, short, incisive sentences, with no waste of words, and demands that the officers, who come by scores to report, shall do the same. Clustered around the doorway of the Residency are a dozen officers waiting for an entrée to his office. He has been calling them in and sending them away for over two hours already; suddenly he appears at the door, with a short and pleasant "Good-morning, gentlemen," poses for the photographer waiting for him, and asks, "Whom do you represent?" exclaims, "Thank you! I wish you success," and turns to the officers, nods at one and walks back and forth with him on the garden path, while he explains some military necessity. He takes them up, one after another, in this manner, constantly walking, his brows knitted in thought, stopping just long enough to punctuate his remarks by decisive and expressive gestures of the hand. He is manœuvring a great army, and those who know him say he is doing it well. He has already shown, by the prompt action he has taken in relieving several generals of prominence, that he intends to weed out all the ossified military men, and those who blunder by sacrificing precious lives. An army cannot be run by social and political favorites; neither are old men fitted for campaigning, however brilliant their former careers, and the British army is learning this lesson; the sooner we wake up to the same realization in the American army the better.

BLOEMFONTEIN, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE HILLS.

The great red brick building of the government offices is now the home of the British Provost-Marshal, and a dozen officers connected with handling the army.

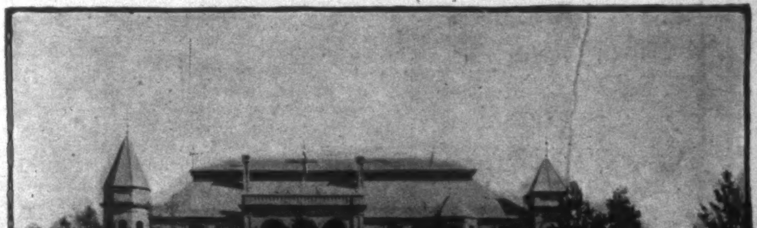
The Gray College—a public scholastic institution—has been turned into an army hospital; in fact there are hospitals everywhere, and it is said, unofficially, that the number of sick in Bloemfontein reaches many over 3000. These figures are not so large when it is realized that, scattered in the immediate vicinity, there are 80,000 men, but the large number of typhoid or enteric fever cases now existing, with men rapidly going down every day, makes illness a serious problem, particularly when milk is extremely scarce, and ice for baths is almost unknown. The colder winds of winter, which are beginning to blow, will do much to stamp out the dread germ, the bête noire of large armies.

The hospitals have filled all the available buildings to overflowing, so on one of the athletic-club grounds, with its cycle track, has been raised a crop of hospital tents, and on the edges of the city, near the railway, over a hundred very comfortable double-canvased tents make a village by themselves, with doctors and white-capped nurses hurrying to and fro through narrow passageways in their ministrations to the suffering.

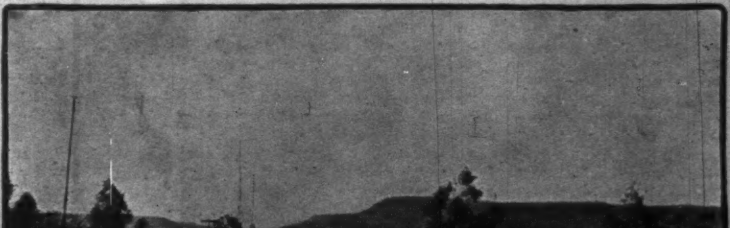
LORD ROBERTS AND LORD STANLEY, PRESS CENSOR.

Climbing the long hill to the south from the town are a dozen sad processions a day—the British dead moving to the little Dutch graveyard just beyond the crest, where they may lie asleep, with all their troubles past. Only a springless mule-wagon for a hearse, only a British flag for a winding-sheet between them and the cold earth, but what more could the soldier ask? for in front and behind him move his pals of life, with guns turned towards the ground, and the band is playing a solemn march for him alone. His comrades' eyes glisten as the surpliced chaplain reads the prayers, and they go back to quarters hushed and sad, whispering, with rough voices, "He was a bloomin' nice chap, so he was!" The graveyard is filling rapidly with men dying in the hospitals.

There is a difference, a very great difference, in the way the British army treats its dead and the way America has taken care of hers. The British are as deeply respectful, and the ceremonies as impressive as ours, but throughout the army there exists the proper feeling that a soldier can have no greater honor done him than to be buried on the spot where he gallantly falls in battle. He is wrapped in the national emblem and laid tenderly away. There are none of the harrowing de-

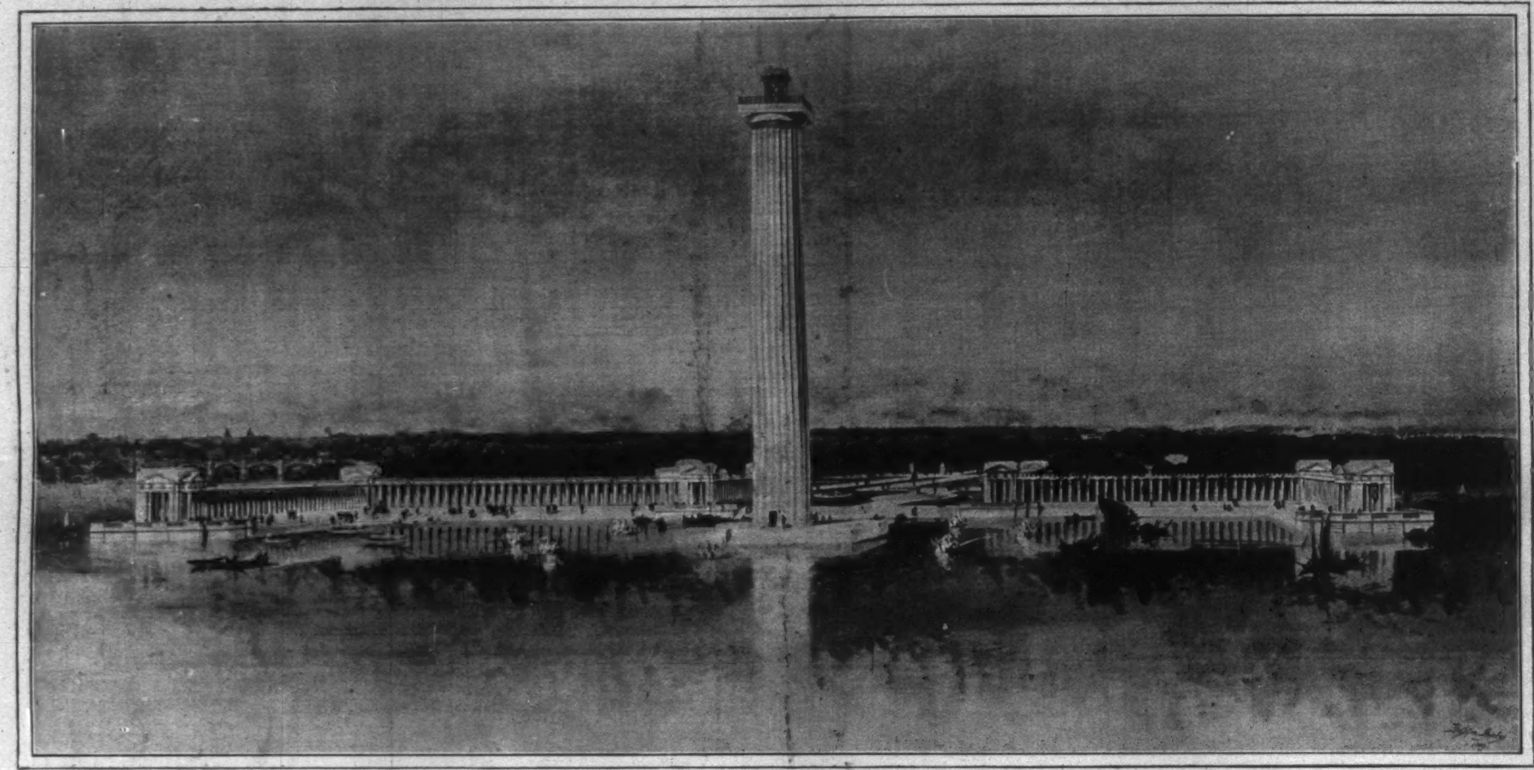


GUARD MOUNT IN FRONT OF LORD ROBERTS'S HEADQUARTERS.



THE WATER SQUAD, AND VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL STREET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.



MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN DETROIT TO COMMEMORATE THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY.

THE location is upon a site reclaimed from the Detroit River at the lower end of Belle Isle Park. The design includes a Doric column twenty-four feet in diameter at its base, rising from the waters of the river two hundred and twenty feet, surrounded by groups of sculpture in the water, situate within the court of a marble colonnade nine hundred feet long, with a wing at each end three hundred feet long. The colonnade will furnish a place for statues of Cadillac and others noted in the eventful history of Detroit. The top of the column will overlook the river, Lake St. Clair, Lake Erie, and the surrounding country for many miles, and a torch flashing fire at intervals will mark it unmistakably at night. The cost will be one million dollars.

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tails we have gone through, such as embalming dead men in the field, or rushing them, by forced marches, to a central morgue, where they may be put in metallic coffins and sent home, labelled and ticketed, by rough sea-voyages. If a man must be a warrior and die in battle, let us not take from it its poetry and sentiment—war is so grim that it is better, until we are sufficiently civilized to eschew it altogether, not to surround the dead with the refinements of mechanical inventions, which only add to and prolong the misery of the bereaved.

Where is the great British army under Lord Roberts, one anxiously queries during all the eight hundred and twenty-five miles of weary travel from Cape Town to Bloemfontein. One asks the question again, in greater surprise when, crawling from a dark train at dawn of day in the capital of the Free State, he stiffly walks the streets of a strange, deserted town, waiting for one of the small hotels to open and give him food.

Nowhere has one seen many soldiers or their camps, and Bloemfontein, even in the middle of the day, has not a third of the soldiers passing through its streets that one sees in Manila from early morn till late at night. It is necessary to take a telescope and scale the immense flat-topped kop under which the city lies, before the realizing sense that there is actually an army present breaks upon one. Twenty miles to the north, under every kopje, tiny white specks fleck the vast landscape as far as the telescopic eye will reach. It is the same east and west. On the south, the tented camps are nearer. Out around the suburbs the white canvas nearly encircles the town, and lying below one, four hundred feet down, in beautiful panorama, is camp after camp, reaching from the base of the hill out into the gently sloping grassy plain. Thousands of midgetlike human figures move in and out, and still more thousands of horses stamp at picket ropes and irritably swish their tails at the pestering flies. The earth of the camps is brown and barren, trodden upon until every blade of grass is gone, but in the middle distance the rolling lands show green and golden, covered with herds of army cattle hungrily browsing.

A regiment in this stupendous, rolling, treeless land is a mere speck; a whole division of ten thousand men seems but a handful. The army is here, but its environment is so desolate, so great, that it seems lost—and the mind of the observer grasps the idea that a hundred thousand men are present as it does the statement that there are a million bacteria in a single drop of water.

By carefully scanning the top of distant kopjes, manikinlike sentries are seen to stalk back and forth, always looking away towards the enemy, and in pockets and gulches seemingly toy horses nibble at the tufted grass springing up between thick-strewn bowlders, and figures of men lie prone upon the ground, or stir small camp fires, over which they are cooking their rations.

Camp life has been, it is said, a nightmare through the hot days of summer, when the army burned under the sun, without chance of sheltering tree shade, for there is none; and later came the rains, turning their camps into quagmires, through which the men struggled miserably by day, only to dread the night of greater misery, when they perforce slept, wet through and shivering, on the bare ground, wrapped merely in their greatcoats.

The fine weather has come now, clear, bracing air, almost too cold in the morning, and with a promise of frost in a month. The middle of the day is comfortably warm, stiff breezes springing up, and racing unhindered across the immense veldt, are away again at nightfall as suddenly as they came. It will be fine fighting weather for the British troops, and already they are forgetting the summer, the frightful heats, the forced marches where men fell out by the hundreds and many never went on, the sickening feel of slowly starving on half-rations, and the exhausted, fitful sleeping in oozy marshes. Food in quantity, several weeks' rest, and the army murmurs for the advance.

Bloemfontein, in the mean time (during the necessary wait for thousands of new horses to replace those which died in countless numbers on the advance from Kimberley), is becoming a great depot of army supplies—a sub-base from which Roberts's army can operate without fear of starvation if by any fell circumstances they are cut off in the rear. For a mile on the railway line quartermaster's and subsistence supplies are stacked house-high in piles, and every private warehouse has been turned into a military department. There are great corrals where thousands of mules and horses are gathered, and they are still coming in with every train-load. This live-stock comes from all over the world, and the British authorities ought surely to be able to determine, after this campaign, what region of the earth supplies the best horse-stock for rough campaigning. There are ponies and horses and mules from India, the United States, Canada, Australia, several South-American countries, from Africa, and Europe.

There is no social life in Bloemfontein outside of gatherings of army officers at the city club.

The newspaper correspondents have given two concerts for the benefit of the widows and orphans made by this dire campaign, and the first one was so successful that over five hundred pounds were cleared. Milton Prior, the famous artist of the London *Graphic*, and W. B. Woolen, an eminent English artist on the *Sphere*, were the cards of the evening, one drawing lightning sketches of Lord Roberts, and the other equally as rapid and clever outlines of President Kruger. Lord Roberts's sketch sold at the auction held in the house for seventy guineas, and Kruger was a close second. They then tried to outdo one another in caricatures of themselves, to the delight of the audience.

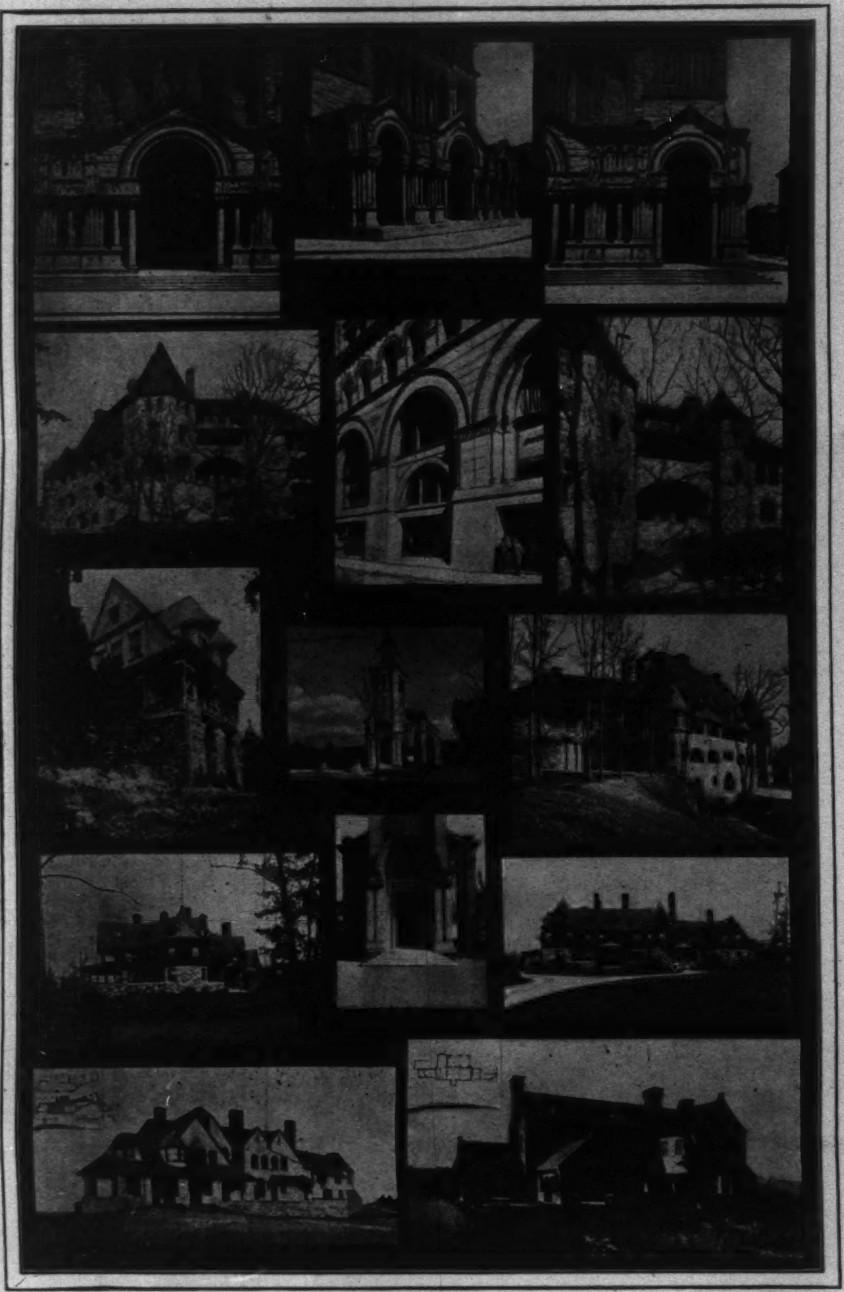
At the club in the afternoons a hundred or two carefully dressed officers (their legs encased in neat-fitting putties or in stiff polished leather leggings, or perhaps wearing the kilt of the Highland clans, with bare rough knees breaking through the plaited rim of heavy plaids) hold the few chairs on the veranda, or jostle one another in standing clusters. Lords and commoners, civilians and correspondents, are fraternizing together, with all the barriers down. They wedge into the bar and pledge one another's health in ginger brandy, for nothing else remains in stock beyond sherry, the Frenchman's vermouth, and whiskey; Scotch or Irish whiskey, of course, cannot be found for buyers at a sovereign a bottle. There stands one of London's own pets, an officer of the C. I. V., with a carefully adjusted monocle in his eye, reminiscing on the last great fight at Paardeburg, where they at last rounded up that "extwaordinawy Boer force, don't you know." He is talking to a Scotsman, in handsome kilt, with an amazing front of pendent white horse-hair and short red plaid stockings, which make you scream, and his head is topped by a natty brimless cloth cap, folded in at the crown and set at a dangerous angle, which makes you think of your childhood's broomstick days and paper hats. His accent is so novel, compared with the pronunciation you have been doing in the reading of Scotch dialect stories, that you do not follow him. There's a Canadian in a wide-brimmed slouch-hat of cowboy cut, a fine sinewy chap, who looks as if campaigning did him good, talking to an equally fine specimen of Colonial from Australia. The Colonials are magnificent troops, by-the-way, though it is well not to sing their praises too loud in the hearing of a very few Britishers who have not yet awakened from their provincial ideas, and believe that Colonials and Americans are a brand of wild and woolly animals, to be carefully examined with curiosity through an eye-glass. There are some chaps from Ceylon, too—all tea-planters—who enlisted in a moment of intense patriotism for the mother-country, laboring under the delusion that campaigning was akin to the "dulce far niente" existence of the average British officer in India, with its polo and cricket and tennis, its clubs, siestas, and afternoon teas. It is hard lines to have lived with half a dozen Indian servants around one to jump at the slightest wish, and now to have to wait on one's self, with water so scarce a bath once a week is a luxury. Nobody grumbles, however—that is, at least, not in the expressive American way of kicking against the things one does not like.

By-the-way, this brings up the fact that the British soldier does not use the pointed and forcible language to which the American soldier is so much given—one seldom hears a man use an oath, and as regards swearing by note and running the scale of expletives, no such thing is known. Tommy contents himself with a monotonous repetition of "bloody and bloomin'." With fear of shocking somebody, it must be said one misses the American method—it helps things to move lively.

This army has an Intelligence Department of great merit, and in its service are the white men who have been brought up in the country. They have compiled most excellent maps (on a scale of three miles to the inch, showing every road, farm-house, river, and kopje), which are mounted on linen and distributed by hundreds to officers in the field. Too much praise cannot be given this branch of army information, when one looks back on the blundering, blind way officers have had to campaign in our new possessions, without maps (when they did come they were flimsy paper blue-prints); it must be admitted the British army are several steps in advance of us in military methods.

The army will move in a few days, on toward Pretoria; where the first big fight will occur no one can determine. The Boers, known to be in force at one place to-day, may be twenty miles away to-morrow. Their tactics will be to harass the British from every side, and to fight their great battles in the way they plan for the British to attack them. There may be more British mistakes of direct frontal attacks on positions impossible to take, but they will be the errors of individual officers, and not those of Lord Roberts, who can and will outstrategy the enemy on every advance.

THE PETIT PALACE OF FRENCH ART, PARIS EXPOSITION.
DRAWN BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.



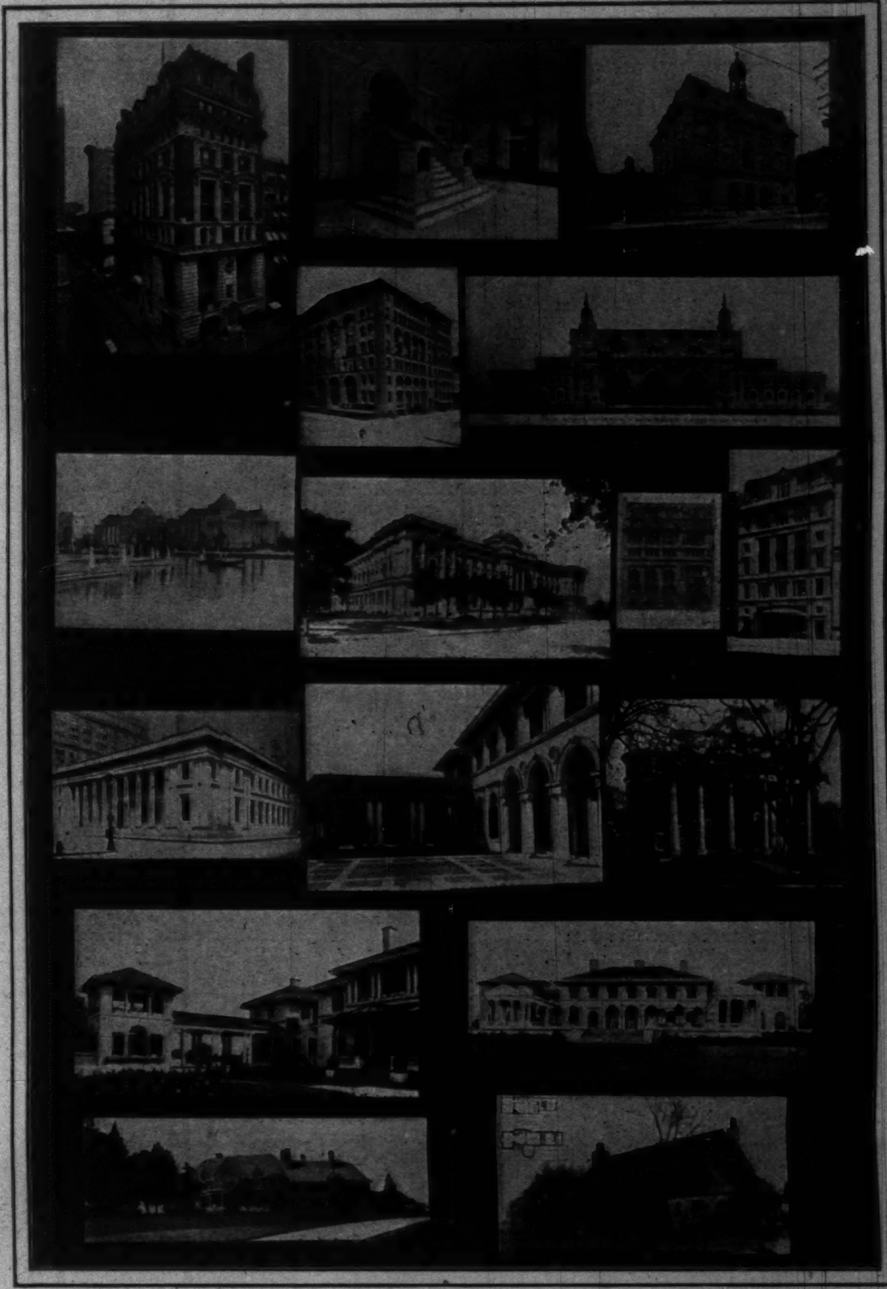
THE AMERICAN ARCHITE THE PARIS E

THE United States is one of the most favored nations in the matter of space in the Fine Arts Section. Yet the space is very limited, and there has been much dissatisfaction expressed over what in reality will be a boon to the vast majority of visitors. They are spared the distress of a superabundance of exhibits, the weariness of repletion, and instead receive a succinct impression of the characteristics of each country's display. It is safe to say that in no part of the Fine Arts Section of any nation is there a more compact and illuminative résumé of tendencies than in the Architectural Exhibit of the United States.

One small alcove in the corridor has been assigned to the architects, and of it they have made the most admirable disposition. The arrangement is in the nature of a triptych, except that the centre portion is subdivided into three parts. These five panels are enclosed in handsome ebony frames and glazed with plate-glass, behind which are arranged a series of photographs of completed buildings. The architects' natural predilection for plans and elevations, drawings intelligible only to the expert eye, has been set aside. Another distinct advantage is that in a great many cases the prints, in addition to the building itself, show parts of other structures, thus giving vivid suggestions of the architecture in its relation to the environment, which is far more illuminating than the disconnected record. This is particularly valuable in the glimpses afforded of city architecture, where may be noted the gradual transition from European standards to the colossal construction peculiarly American. For the object aimed at has been to confine the exhibits, as far as possible, to those which illustrate American characteristics, either directly, as in the case of office buildings, hotels, and country homes, or indirectly, as indicating the moral and intellectual growth of the nation—for example, in libraries and colleges.

It is the former group which will chiefly interest foreigners. Our libraries and colleges, for the most part designed on Classic and Gothic lines, are at best only reminiscent of other good work elsewhere. Many of them are frankly copies. They help to equalize the dignity of American civilization, but contribute nothing to the technical advance of architectural art, and to the foreigner will be of only moderate interest. It is very different with the first-mentioned structures, particularly with the office buildings. They are distinctively American, and the exhibits of them will be eagerly studied by those who are interested in national architecture.

One constantly hears the question asked, Will America originate a new and distinctive style of architecture? The conservatives shake their heads discouragingly, and remind us that the best has been done already, and that the craving for originality is a disease to



ITECTURAL EXHIBIT AT EXPOSITION

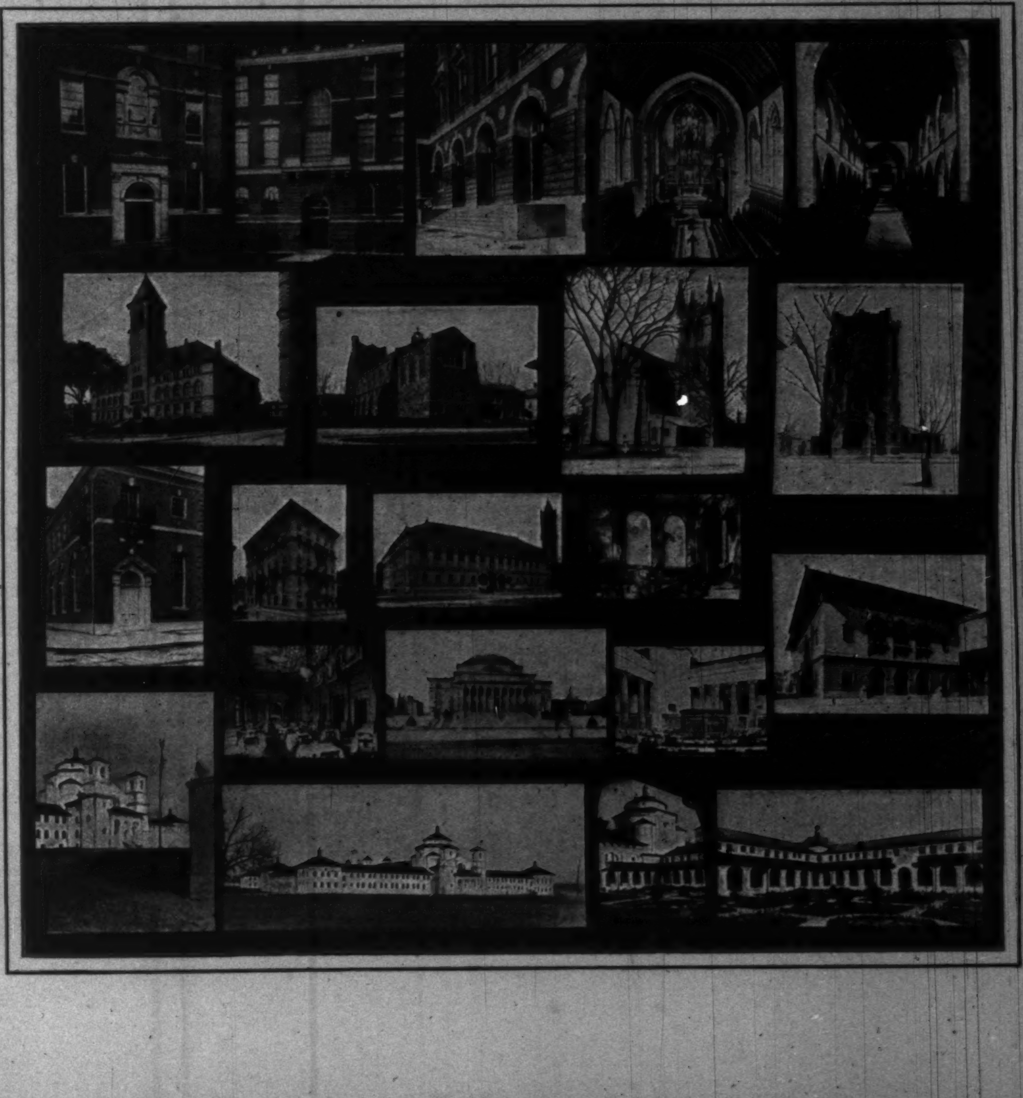
which youth is subject, like the measles. No one will dispute the point, stated that way; but still it is a fact that in their endeavor to meet the new conditions (for these latter at any rate are new) they have been unable to copy; they have, at least, been obliged to apply old principles in a new way, by imperceptible gradations getting farther and farther away from the originals.

It was an excellent idea to include one or two views of New York from the harbor. To appreciate the grandeur of these buildings one needs the help of a long perspective; the main æsthetic objection to them at present is that they are out of all proportion to the narrow streets upon which they front. But seen from the harbor, massing up against the sky, they produce an effect as picturesque as any castle on the Rhine, and in their suggestion of teeming strength produce an exhilaration which makes enthusiasm not only natural but obligatory.

Another branch of architecture in which characteristics distinctly American are apparent is in the designs for homes, especially those in the country. These are frankly eclectic: a hint from this style, others from others, the merit not being in the borrowing, but in the fusing into a composite harmony, suitable to our climate and the conditions of American family life. Here again the law of growth is in operation, and something is being evolved which in time will be as distinctively American as the stone-built homes abroad which were developed out of feudalism, or those timber ones which in turn represented the revolt from it.

The examples selected cover a considerable part of the country and are fairly inclusive of the work of the best-known architects. Yet it is noticeable that the West and Middle West are very inadequately represented, which is regrettable, because in these sections of the country very individual work is being done. Particularly I notice the absence of any work by Louis H. Sullivan, of Chicago, without question one of the most individual architects in the country, especially in the designing of office buildings. The omission recalls the fact that the Transportation Building at the World's Fair, erected by him when in partnership with Mr. Adler, was the feature of the Exposition which attracted the most attention from the French expert visitors. Among the exhibits is a view of the Omaha Exposition, which followed, at a respectful distance, the character of the one at Chicago. It is an interesting reminder of the difference which exists between our idea of an exposition and the French one. We have made the occasion one for demonstrating the beauty of a uniform scheme of classical architecture, while the French have always emphasized the temporary nature of the occasion, and adopted a bizarrerie which one can only describe as Exposition Style.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.* By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XVI

THE CARMICHAELS TAKE COUNSEL

PHILIP CARMICHAEL piloted his craft to Lynsea, and, leaping upon the jetty, ran up the tamarisk grove towards the house. Here his sister met him, and with a quick outbreak of light and color in her face, sprang to him, and asked him if he had been in Marlock. "Why, yes, I have, sis," said he, good-naturedly. "I cracked bottles with Mr. Lieutenant Gellibrand by orders. And a damned pleasant brick is he, though he swaggers in his cups."

Chloris paid this opinion no heed, but searched his countenance eagerly, as though she hesitated to ask more and would have read there the answer to her unuttered question.

"Was it Marlock?" she at last said, speaking rather low; "and is there news from Marlock?"

"Not a jot," said he, idly; and then, making a call upon his memory, "Stop me, yes, there's one dead there that we know."

"My God!" cried Chloris, white at a blow and trembling.

"Tut, there's no harm," said Philip, who was still warm enough with the wine to miss her agitation. "'Twas Jules, the long-legged fellow, though you may not have seen him. And that brings something to my mind, and I will have it out with Nick."

"Jules!" she breathed deeply, placing her fingers upon the bosom of her dress. "No, I know him not," and the color ran back into her face till it glowed once more. "There is no other—dead?" she asked.

Philip cast a glance at her. "Faith, you are all for skeletons to-day, miss; you are turned into a ghoul in your taste for corpses. But I cannot oblige you; you must do your own killing; or maybe Warburton will do it for you?"

He laughed at his weak jest, and Chloris struck in hastily. "Mr. Warburton," she said, "what of him? Is he—"

"Why, 'twas he killed this fellow," said Philip, more soberly. "His damned stiff body and tough arms were too much for the Frenchman. Gad! he had me about the neck myself to-day."

"He was attacked?" cried Chloris, sharply.

Philip shrugged his shoulders. "Better ask Nick," said he. "I know nothing of it. He broke t'other's neck."

"I am glad he broke his neck. My God! I am glad he broke his neck!" cried Chloris, fiercely. Philip turned on her eyes of surprise, and she broke out at him. "'Tis true," she exclaimed, "and I would to God he would break the necks of any other guilty of such a dastardly attempt."

Philip grinned. "'Twas not I, sis," he said, with mock-terror. "'Twas not I, indeed. You must have it out with Nick, and in truth I will help you. He has no right to take the command so greatly in his own hands. Because my father is ill, he thinks he has full liberty and authority over all. Hang me, he shall hear otherwise, shall Nick." He advanced more quickly to the house, and suddenly stopped, while his jaw dropped on a most discomforting recollection. "By God! it cannot be true," he said, almost to himself. "Yet I will have that out also," and he hurried into the house, with an angry step. The room which he entered was the library, and was tenanted by Nicholas Carmichael, who stood by the window with an impatient look upon his face, while Sir Stephen lay upon a couch in a corner.

Philip's loud footsteps broke the stillness.

"I tell you what it is, Nick," he began, angrily, "you take too much upon yourself; you ignore the rest of us, and will end in pitching us into trouble. This house does not exist in behalf of Nicholas Carmichael alone; there are others of your blood, including my father."

"What is this bad temper?" asked Nicholas, darting a glance at his brother.

"You know well enough. I go to Marlock to effect some business with Gellibrand, according to your recommendation, and I find you have been practising your tricks on Warburton. He had me by the heels nicely. Damme! I hadn't a word for myself."

"What the devil is it you mean?" asked Nicholas, impatiently.

"Why, nothing, but that your ugly little plot failed, that's all," sneered Philip. "Jules lies with a broken neck, and Warburton moves about as stern as a magistrate and as cool as a hangman. Faith, and it will come to his hanging of us some of these days. 'Tis an ugly plot—a damnable ugly plot."

Nicholas Carmichael had started and frowned at the news, but now he himself asked contemptuously, "What plot?"

"Rubbish!" said his brother. "You know what I mean, and all about it. If I am to risk anything I will have a voice in it, and that's flat. I won't have you passing behind me and handing over my head. I know the man has to die, but he shall die squarely, and, however he dies, I will not have you drag us all in without consultation."

Chloris Carmichael, who had followed her brother, and stood unperceived in the doorway, uttered a low cry which no one heard. Philip turned to his father on the couch. "Sir, were you privy to this plan of Nicholas's? I will not believe it. He thinks he is master here."

Sir Stephen's hand was lifted weakly, but out of his palsied face looked still strong eyes. "Your brother," said he, speaking low and slow and most indistinct, "must take precautions. He acts. There is great peril on our house from this man."

"I would kill him myself in proper fight," said Philip, impetuously. "Let us do it as it should be done."

"You are at liberty to do it," said Nicholas, harshly. "You will save me trouble. It must be done, and now," he added, decidedly.

Again Chloris breathed a low and troubled cry from her post by the door, but Philip broke out again:

"And here's another matter. What is this about Warburton and a letter? I demand to know the rights of that, and if what he says has any truth."

"What does he say?" asked Nicholas, shortly.

"Why, that you are traitors to the King," said Philip, hotly, "and he has a letter from Bonaparte to prove it."

Nicholas looked at his father, and some communication sprang between them. "What he says is true," he replied. "We are for Ireland and not for the redcoats."

"What!" said Philip, in amazement. "You are in treaty with the French!"

"Fool! do you suppose there is any love between Carmichaels and the English?" asked his brother. "You should know our history better. The Carmichaels stand for a united Ireland and the breaking of the chains."

Philip, sobered and astonished, was silent; then he made a gesture of dismay. "I should have known this before; it was my right to have known it," he said, sullenly. "I care not a damn for Ireland; I was brought up English, and I would have joined the army. Damme!" he turned angrily on Nicholas, "I tell you I would do it now, and help to fight this Bonaparte with whom you are intriguing."

Nicholas turned from him with silent contempt, but at that instant there was another voice within the room, and Chloris was at the window, her face hot with passion.

"We are traitors, then, are we?" she cried. "Traitors to the country in which we live. I have lived to learn much to-day, and that is to be ashamed of the blood which runs in my body, and of which I had always been so proud. I thought it stained by nothing. But he was right; Mr. Warburton was right. Our blood is dishonorable; we come of an infected race. I would not have believed the tale if I had not heard it from your lips."

"Stay, Chloris!" said Nicholas, angrily. "You will say what you had better not. You have said too much. You are a child and know nothing of such affairs."

"I know this," she exclaimed, passionately, "that I would die rather than stab a man in the dark, and that's our blood! Said too much! I have not said a tithe of what is owing. See! Nicholas Carmichael, I have put up with you as blood-brother of mine, deeming you hard and cruel, and partaking of that heat which I share myself. But I had never thought you treacherous nor cowardly, and that is what you are."

"Silence!" said Nicholas, furiously. "Father, bid her be silent."

The old man on the couch lifted his hand feebly, but no words came from his lips, which labored under paralytic excitement.

"I will not be silent," she called. "Have I not heard what you would have done in Marlock last night, and how you set bravos on Mr. Warburton, a brave man, if your enemy? He at least is an open foe, and professes nothing; he does not strike by daggers in the night. But I warn you that he will pull you to destruction, as you richly deserve. My father knows nothing of this. He is fooled by you. I—I know nothing of politics and state, but—good God!—I am a traitor; we are an infected race!" and she flung up her long arms helplessly with the short sob of a returning reaction.

Philip uttered an uncomfortable laugh. "Gad! sis, do you cast your eyes that way? I believe you have a fancy for the man."

Sir Stephen banded upon his daughter deep eyes of an inscrutable sharpness, as if he could tear forth her secrets; but it was Nicholas who spoke, in calm white heat.

"You shall go to your room, madam," he said. "Do you suppose I am going these hysterical indictments? Bring your charges against others, but not your family. What is this man Warburton to you, that you should be so anxious for his safety? And as for the other matters, you confess you do not understand. You are a mere child at nurse, and would be at your mother's strings had she lived, poor lady. You are better in your room than meddling in what concerns you not."

"Had my mother lived, you would not have been what you are, Nick," broke out Chloris, bitterly.

"Bah!" he cried. "What shame is it to be an enemy to the country you hate?"

"'Tis the country that has harbored us and befriended us," she returned, sadly. "But I will not intermeddle with your designs; they are nothing to me, save that I must bear my share of the shame. If you would ally yourself with Bonaparte, in God's name do so; but you shall not commit murder. That, at least, is not part of your political plan."

Nicholas made no answer, but a sour smile passed across his face. Chloris turned swiftly to her father.

"Speak, father!" she urged. "Tell him this must not be, that he exceeds himself. His black passion carries him too far, and he shall not so disgrace the name as to associate with bravos and assassins."

Sir Stephen shook his head, having not yet the power of speech, but his expression was unhappy and marked with alarm, as he followed his daughter with anxious wondering eyes. Nicholas spoke roughly:

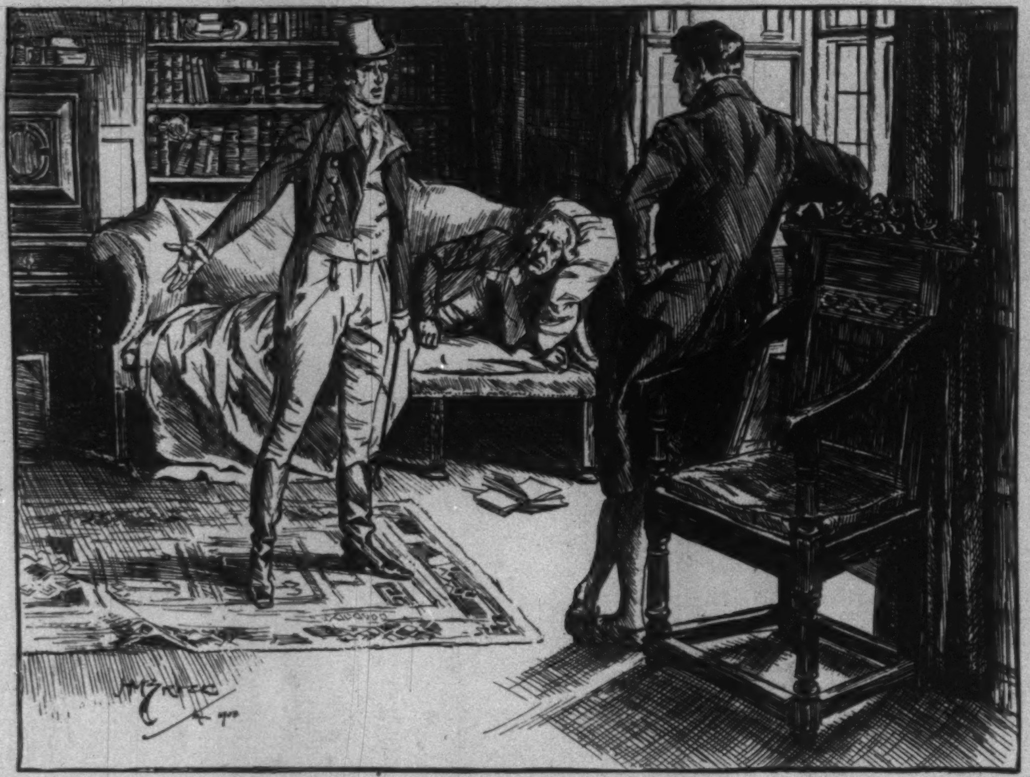
"What do you know of my actions, or what I am privy to? You know too much. Because your Mr. Warburton is assailed, am I his keeper?"

"God shall judge whether you be or not," she answered, solemnly. "You may hide much from me, but not from Him."

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders. "'Tis time you were in your room. Go to your room, simpleton, and pray on what you will. We have business."

Her eyes flashed back at him, but she went, withdrawing slowly and with dignity, and going, cast one glance at Philip, who stood uneasily gnawing his thumb and frowning. Sir Stephen still gazed after his daughter with that fearful questioning look.

Chloris locked the door of her room and confronted her terrors. She had recognized the hard mask which Nicholas Carmichael's face was wont to become on the eve of some desperate resolution. He was then in a still whiteness of anger which would subsequently break and leap in a tempest of flame. She feared him and his designs, and sat above in her chamber waiting until their deliberations should be brought to a conclusion. Her heart fled to Warburton instantly, fluttering like a bird that would defend her young; she dreamed of danger to him, now that she knew how



"I WON'T HAVE YOU HANDING OVER MY HEAD," SAID PHILIP.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

unscrupulously he had been attacked. The shame, too, of that new revelation overbore her, who had all her life been familiar with the free-trade conspiracy and thought no harm of it. The country-side was in league to thwart his Majesty's customs and the stern laws, and there was none who lived upon those coasts who would think badly of the smugglers. But this traffic with one whom the common air about her had taught to consider as the enemy came upon her with the stroke of horror. She moved away the news bewildered, able to fix her mind upon one fact only, and that was the increased peril in which Warburton stood. If this were the secret he held, what would not be plotted against him. He was not safe a day, nay an hour nor a minute longer. He must be warned; and yet, with the warning fresh in his ears, she knew that he would heed it not. What course could she pursue to save him, while yet there was time? She deliberated until in her excitement her brain swam, and yet no way opened out of the blind and terrible road.

Chloris was aroused some time in the early darkness of the evening by Philip's voice calling on her. She opened the door and he entered.

"Well," said he, with a grimace, "still sulking, sis?"

"What have you been doing?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh, the schooner," he answered, lightly. "She must leave to-morrow night at latest."

"Is that all?" she asked, sharply.

He examined her face. "Faith, you're a spitfire," he said. "No, there's naught that you need trouble your head with."

"You have some new plot against Mr. Warburton?" she cried, fiercely.

Philip did not deny it. "Come, sis, do not be foolish; the man must go somehow. I hate this business of Boney's, but you see 'tis impossible now that we should let him go."

"What! you will throw in your lot, then, with that traitor Nicholas?" she asked, with heavy breathing.

"No; he may be damned!" said Philip. "I will not meddle with it. I am for King George and not King Boney. I'll be damned if I move a finger. But Warburton must go. Come, Chloris, you must see that much."

She put him aside without a word, as though she by that act spurned with contempt a voice that had no right, and passed softly and rapidly down the stairway into the hall. At the back of the hall a door stood ajar, from which a light streamed, and this she pushed open, stepped across the threshold, clicked the latch behind her, and was face to face with her brother Nicholas.

"What is it you want, Chloris?" he asked.

"Nick, Philip tells me," she spoke, slowly, "that you are making a plan to contrive the death of Mr. Warburton, whom you have already twice assaulted. Is this so?"

Nicholas uttered an exclamation of annoyance. "What! must we go through this again?" he asked. "I have told you that I could lend no attention to your advice. It is foolish in you."

"It is true, then?" she said, quickly. "You are going to slay him by any trick or cowardly device you may."

"My plans are not for hysterical girls," he made answer.

"Listen to me, Nick," she said, commandingly. "You are entering on a warfare in behalf of some ideal of yours. I say nothing against it, for it may be that you are right when you accuse me of ignorance. But one thing I may ask, and do ask, that this war be fair and—and that it does not involve you in the arts and practices of the assassin. Take down your sword and musket by all means, if you will, but take them down honestly to take your own risks and in the face of your enemy."

"Do you accuse me of cowardice?" he asked, with a sneer.

"No; but of treachery and dark deeds, which are worse than cowardice," she said. "For the coward at least has the excuse of his vice, but the brave man has none. I will not believe that you meditate a crime, Nick. It is impossible."

"That is right," answered Nicholas, coldly. "Believe nothing, but go back to your broidery."

"Do not think I will go content with that!" she cried, giving way to the fire in her blood. "Do you think I do not know what you purpose. You are a devil, Nicholas Carmichael, but you shall not have your way."

"Why," said he, with a cool contemptuous smile, "I think you are wary, Chloris. 'Tis the gentleman himself that has armed us with our opportunities. He holds too long."

"Wist!" she cried, "and because he has not given you up to justice, you would destroy him! What generosity, what gratitude!"

"You do not understand," he answered impatiently. "He is holding out for purposes of his own. Do you not suppose he knows the dread and doubt that hang over the island of Lynsea? He has us in his grip, but he shall wait too long."

"Nick! Nick!" she pleaded, putting her arms on him. "Do you not see by his silence for so long that he cannot mean to betray you? He would have done it else. What reason could he have for silence? I believe, Nick, that he has repented of his determination to be revenged; nay, Nick, Nick, it maybe that he has had his revenge," she cried, sobbing on his shoulder. "Who can say? Who can say? But give him the chance. Let me dissuade him; I will take the office on myself, my brother. I feel sure that I could persuade him to silence. Let me try; let me try."

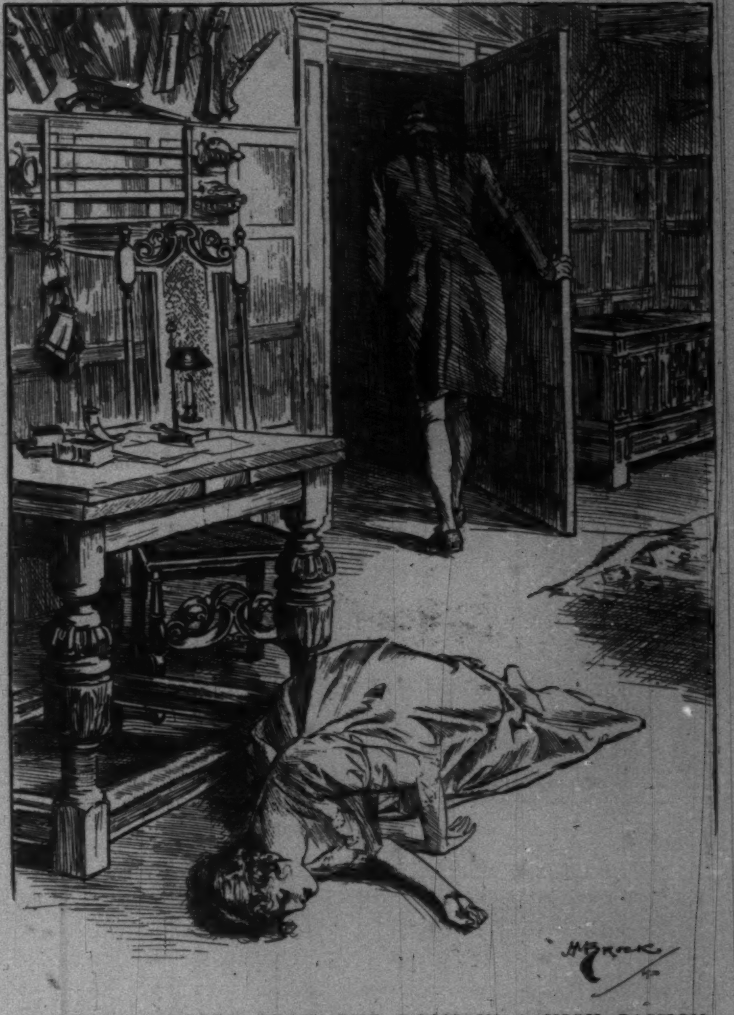
Nicholas scowled on her darkly. "I do not understand this," said he, "nor what this scene means. What business have you in these matters? What have you to do with this man Warburton, that you plead so for his life?"

"I would plead for any brave man's life," she answered. "I would plead to save you from the stain of blood-guiltiness."

"Bah!" he returned, sharply. "There is more warmth in your voice and body than comes of any fine theory. What is it has happened to you? I have a thought that you look too kindly on this fellow. Better shake off such silly sentiments, for he is bound to die. We cannot let him live. What is it to you?"

Chloris dropped his arm and stood up, white, and shaking like a reed in the wind, all her passion, long unnaturally pent, broken out of her hand and keeping—the living daughter of that untoward race. "What is it to me?" she repeated, and in so blind a madness did she speak that his face was blurred before her eyes. "I will tell you, Nicholas Carmichael. He is more to me than you and all my blood, more than my life; a thousand times more than you," she repeated, stamping her foot, while the pallor was instantly charged with a heavy shock of blood. "You are welcome to the news; I am proud of it, I glory in it. There is that between us that none can destroy or render null."

Nicholas uttered a cry of rage and made a step towards her, but she drew back. "Hear me," she cried. "I tell you that I would not change what has been. I belong to him; my soul and my life are swallowed up in him; he commands me. Yes, it is I, the girl, your sister, that prayed and played with you, who speak—I, the maiden, the sanctuary of ignorance, who was kept to childhood and knew nothing, dreamed nothing, learned nothing, and desired nothing. Behold, I am now newly come to my proper estate; I am a woman, Nicholas Carmichael, and I rejoice in that crown of womanhood. You cannot hinder me; and as for the man I love, he shall not die."



NICHOLAS STRODE FROM THE ROOM IN A HIGH PASSION.

As she spoke her brother's face grew livid with the intensity of his fury; his eyes shot blood, and his mouth was set horribly, his frantic fingers moved swiftly to the wall, and with an inarticulate cry he pulled a dagger from the rack.

"He shall not die," cried Chloris, savagely triumphant.

Nicholas raised his arm, the light gleaming on the blue steel and in his violent eyes, and for a moment he hesitated. Then he flung down the weapon.

"Fool!" he said, hoarsely. "Now he is assured of death," and took a step towards the door.

She uttered a cry and moved towards him, as though to hold him back, but with a movement of great force he thrust at her brutally with his arms, and she fell, striking her head upon the table, rolling thence to the floor. Nicholas Carmichael strode from the room in his high passion, not looking behind him, and, when in the hall, turned the key in the door.

"Ere she rise again her love will have perished," he said, savagely, to himself.

CHAPTER XVII

WARBURTON MAKES A SURRENDER

CHLORIS opened her eyes in faint wonder, and gazed about her prison. Originally part of the ancient hall, this chamber reached to the height of two stories, and was lighted from windows set aloft in the oaken walls. It now served Nicholas for a private room, and bore the appearance of an armory; so set and bristling was it with weapons and trophies. Halfway up the walls ran a narrow balcony, from which once spectators had looked down upon the players and musicians in the hall. Chloris lifted her head from the floor, and it ached dully, throbbing from her temples to the nape of her neck. She passed her hand across it to stay the melancholy pain, and, behold! it came back to her streaked with blood. Slowly she disentangled out of her confused memories the picture of that quarrel and that struggle, and with this inflowing recollection came the prick of fear and the desire of action. There was danger abroad for Warburton, and she must bring him help, standing between him and death. No longer would she plead with her unnatural brother, for the hour was gone by for words, and nothing short of deeds would save her lover. For his love, and to preserve him, she would break all the sacred ties of blood, and make a holocaust of what she had till now guarded equal with her own life and honor.

Chloris saw this one way clear before her, for of a sudden the clouds rose from her bewildered and aching brain, and all her course was incredibly distinct with light. An ancient inkhorn stood upon a table, and here she sat down to write under an inspiration she knew not whence.

"Sir," so her pen ran quickly, "my brother, Nicholas Carmichael, has plotted a wicked deed. He designs the death of Mr. Warburton, now in Marlock, and is on his way even now to accomplish it. Hasten, sir, to put Mr. Warburton under your protection, and to seize my brother, Nicholas Carmichael. Sir, if this be not evidence enough, I charge him with free-trading. The boat lies now in Lynsea rocks. I beg you, sir, to take him and hold him.

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

CHLORIS CARMICHAEL."

When she had finished she sealed the letter, addressed it to a justice in the neighborhood of Marlock, and put it in her bosom. Then she cast her eyes busily about the room—it was her gaol. She tried the door, which would not budge, and no windows opened near the floor. High above the balcony was set the one communication with the world beyond, now fast dwindling into darkness, but still faintly visible under the lingering western glow. If she were to escape it must be by this, and, her fears goading her forward, she cast about for some means to reach the window. The balcony was gained from a closet beyond by a short winding stair, but she found the door of this closet locked, and no efforts of hers could loosen the heavy oak. Abandoning this route, she examined the walls with swift flying eyes; they were covered with weapons of all times and countries, converted into curious and orderly figures, strung from nails and cords. Would they bear her weight?

Chloris drew up chairs to the wall below the gallery, and standing tiptoe upon these, stretched forth her slender arms towards the trophy next above her, which was fixed some feet lower than the gallery. She caught the butt of two muskets, one in each hand, and with a jerk flew upwards, swaying against the wall. Yet the structure held even under that rude shock, and, shifting her hold, she pulled herself by stages higher and higher, until she hung in the very centre of the arms, and rested her feet also on that stanch stack. Gaining her breath, she measured the distance with a glance, and, pausing not, leaped with outcast hands across the intervening space between her and the gallery. Her body struck the rails heavily, and with the blow she was almost hurled down into the room below; yet her eager fingers stood her in time, clutching fiercely, greedily, and there she hung, until, strength returning, she was able to crawl over the rails and drop upon the gallery floor.

She was on her feet in a few minutes, and had the long window open—a slit of visible twilight twenty feet above the gravel path which bordered a little orchard lawn. Below was no foothold, merely vacancy until the ground, and there was but one way down—to leap. Chloris did not shrink, though at another time the thought of that great fall would have sent in anticipation a horrible jar throughout her body. Instead, she put her hands to the sill, slipped lightly through, and dropping to the full length of her arms, was thus momentarily suspended above freedom. Then she let go and fell. Her feet struck the walk dully, and every bone and sinew and fibre in her delicate body seemed to rip, break in pieces, and crumple into a hot mass of pain. When she gathered herself and staggered to her feet, she found to her surprise that she could walk, for it had seemed to her that life itself must have cracked in that horrible shock. She moved away, therefore, as swiftly as she might, dragging one leg behind the other, her torn muscles aching acutely, but her mind still fast set and pointing one way only, and her courage still indomitable and ardent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FISH GOD.

THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.

THE DRAGON, FOUR HUNDRED FEET LONG, BORNE BY ONE HUNDRED CHINAMEN.

AMERICAN FLAGS IN THE PROCESSION.

BANNERS COVERED WITH PEARLS.

THE CHINESE PARADE IN THE SACRAMENTO STREET FAIR.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

A SOCIETY has lately been formed which it is a pleasure to commend to the attention and support of the readers of the WEEKLY. It is the National Society for the Relief of the Dependent Widows and Orphans of the Officers and Enlisted Men of the Regular Army of the United States. The name is long, but it tells the story. We all know that being in the army is not a money-making business, and that the families of officers or soldiers who are killed or die prematurely are seldom adequately provided for. The government gives a pension to widows and orphans, ranging from $30 a month to a colonel's widow to $2 a month to an orphan under sixteen. But even these modest pensions are not immediately forth-coming, and in some cases are very difficult to secure, so that officers' and soldiers' families are not infrequently left destitute and at loss which way to turn.

This new Army Relief Society, which was organized last March, is especially intended to look after such cases, and relieve distress in time of emergency. It is in excellent hands. Its president is General F. V. Greene; Governor Roosevelt and Mrs. Walworth are its vice-presidents, and its trustees are Messrs. L. P. Morton, D. S. Lamont, and Cornelius Bliss. It is trying to raise a fund, and to that end is organizing branches. Information about that part of its plan may be had from Mrs. James Parker, Fort Slocum, New York, and contributions may be sent to the treasurer, William R. Cross, Esq., at the society's headquarters, 19 West Forty-second Street, New York.

THE riots in St. Louis still divide our attention with disturbances in China and in the Transvaal. A week ago Governor Stephens of Missouri was quoted in the newspapers as still hopeful that the Mayor of St. Louis would deal with the situation without the aid of State troops. The Governor said he had four regiments ready, but that it would cost five thousand dollars to mobilize them, and five thousand dollars a day while they were on duty. He seems a thrifty man. If the accounts we get of matters in St. Louis are true, five thousand dollars a day for order would be a bagatelle. The late Governor of Missouri, Governor Stone, is counsel for the strikers. His successor seems to be more solicitous not to hurt the feelings of the rioters or lose their votes than that the peace should be kept and life should be safe and business done in St. Louis. The treatment of women by some of the rioters has been more atrocious than anything we have heard of, of a similar sort, in China or the Philippines or the Transvaal. It has excited extreme indignation wherever accounts of it have gone. And, indeed, the whole situation in St. Louis is matter for amazement. Perhaps it will make strikes less popular this summer. There is news that the Building Trades Council in Chicago is very anxious to settle the troubles it has stirred up there, and that the Building Trades Council in Kansas City has lost its influence and dissolved. It ordered a general strike, but the unions did not respond. A printers' strike in Pittsburg, of the Typographical Union against seven out of eight of the daily newspapers, which has dragged on somewhat feebly for six months, has finally been called off. Perhaps the recent apparent culmination of the flush times which began a year and a half ago may help to turn the minds of all of us from aspirations after more pay and less work, back to more dogged and modest purposes to make a living.

THE sport of driving automobiles will have, this summer, by far the greatest season that it has had yet in this country. All sorts of automobiles abound now; and in communities where the roads permit their use and the pockets of the residents make them available, they are very much in sight, and even somewhat in the way. One branch of the sport is racing. All the different machines are testing their powers against one another, with highly sportive results. Some of the later machines run extremely fast, and their presence on the highway is matter of deep solicitude to travellers by other means. At Newport, Mr. William Vanderbilt, the younger, has a big French machine which is said to run twenty miles an hour, and has brought its owner the attention of most of his neighbors and of all of the newspapers. A vehicle that goes twenty miles an hour on the highway is of course a pretty serious proposition to everything else that uses the road. The great centres of wealth, and particularly the summer centres of wealth, like Newport, are pretty sure to be embarrassed by the automobile craze, so long as it is a craze. We are told that the machines have pretty much driven out of Paris all other kinds of pleasure locomotion. As long as they do not abound too much, or go too fast, it is possible to drive a horse among them; but they can crowd horses out, and in some places, for a time at any rate, they doubtless will. Still, the automobile as a means of sport is a craze and will pass, and the horse is not a craze and is pretty sure to last; so we must not judge of the final result of the automobile's invention by the transient developments of the next year or two.

THIS part of June belongs chiefly to the colleges. The boat-races and a good many of the baseball games are still to come, but there is great activity this week and next in all the college towns. At Harvard, this season, commencement does not end the year, but is the precursor of the highly interesting activities that concern the Cuban school-teachers. The papers say that 1483 teachers are coming, and Cambridge is ready for them.

We hear of some remarkable scholars this year. West Point is said to have a phenomenal student, Cadet Pillsbury of Massachusetts, who leads the graduating class. It is said of him that he would have been the best man in any class in any institution he might have entered. It has also been said of him that there was enough room between him and the next-best man in his class for a dozen able men. This may give an exaggerated idea of Mr. Pillsbury's abilities, but there seems no doubt that he is an exceedingly able fellow. He is very well spoken of in other ways, too, and his high stand seems to have been more the result of uncommon natural ability than of excessive effort. High stand that is due to extreme effort does not always pay. Study can be overdone, and is overdone a good deal oftener than we realize. The average lad has a saving grace of laziness which protects his health, but an ambitious youth whose whole interest is in study may easily drive himself beyond his powers. A sad case of that has been reported from Cambridge, where William Parker, a brilliant student in the Harvard Law School, who would have graduated this month, collapsed at his desk, and was sent to a hospital and died. That was a lamentable case, for Parker seems to have been a man who was disposed to take good care of himself according to his knowledge. He was an oarsman as well as a student.

There is complaint again this year about the behavior of the members of college nines in matches. The Princeton *Alumni Weekly* chides Princeton players for playing ball too much with their mouths. The Princeton men or the coachers or both appear to have misconducted themselves at a recent game with Cornell, and their paper scolds them well. The *Yale Alumni Weekly* observes the scolding with approval, and bids its constituency take the same lesson to heart. Professional baseball-players in these days have come to be so ill-mannered as to make their matches disagreeable to many persons who used to like to go to them. It is extremely important to encourage the effort made to restrain college baseball from going the same way.

Some one has given Columbia a hundred thousand dollars for a new building, and money has been found also for a great dormitory for one of the women's colleges that belong to the university. No doubt the dormitory needs of Columbia will all be well supplied in time. If benevolence does not provide for them, real-estate speculation will.

OXFORD, this spring, confers honorary degrees on four Americans. She makes Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, a Doctor of Civil Law; the Reverend Morgan Dix, of New York, a Doctor of Divinity; and Professors Charles F. Chandler, of Columbia, and J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton, Doctors of Science. Professor Norton and Dr. Dix we all know. Dr. Chandler is Professor of Chemistry in the School of Mines at Columbia, and was one of the founders of the school. He graduated from Göttingen in 1856, became a Professor of Chemistry at Union College, and came to New York in 1864. He is a member of many scientific societies, and last year the International Society of Chemical Industry chose him for its president. A majority of its members are British, so that the selection of Professor Chandler was a special honor.

Dr. Baldwin is Professor of Psychology at Princeton. He graduated from Princeton in 1884, and returned there as professor in 1893. The honor paid him by Oxford is significant of the growing respect felt by men of science for psychology.

WHAT are parents and teachers thinking about the disclosures lately made by President Thwing of the Western Reserve University at Cleveland, about the defects of the rising generation in knowledge of the Bible? Dr. Thwing writes a great deal about college men and college women and what they know and what they ought to know, and he takes pains to make his statements accurate. He suspected that they did not know as much about the Bible as they should; and to find out how defective their knowledge was, he made an examination paper with twenty-two simple Biblical allusions from the poems of Tennyson, which he submitted to the Freshman class of his own college and afterwards to the Freshman class of a woman's college in the East. The allusions were to things very familiar, such as the manna in the wilderness, the striking of the rock, the branding of Cain, Jephtha's father, Jacob's struggle with the angel, the miracle of Cana, the crown of thorns, and the angel at the tomb. Yet not half the answers were right. Forty out of eighty-five persons examined knew nothing of the story of Esau or of that of Ruth, and sixty had never heard of "Joshua's moon in Ajalon."

Dr. Thwing's conclusion was that the Bible had ceased to be a force in American literature. The world, he says, has become a world of magazines and of newspapers.

The Bible, banished from the public schools, is by no means familiar as it was. It can probably stand its banishment from the schools a good deal better than the scholars can. Not to know the Bible is pretty nearly equivalent to not knowing how to write English. It is a wonderful arsenal of phrases, images, and similes of all sorts, and what sort of a thing English literature will be when the Bible has ceased to be a force in it is rather a staggering question. Once the Bible stories and language are firmly fixed in any one's mind they are sure to be subject to sudden calls when the mind is stirred and there is need of means of effectual expression. Educated men are bound to know the Bible, and if they have the misfortune not to become familiar with it in childhood, they much make it their business to assimilate it in later life. Colleges ought to offer electives in the study of the Bible as literature. Maybe some of them do.

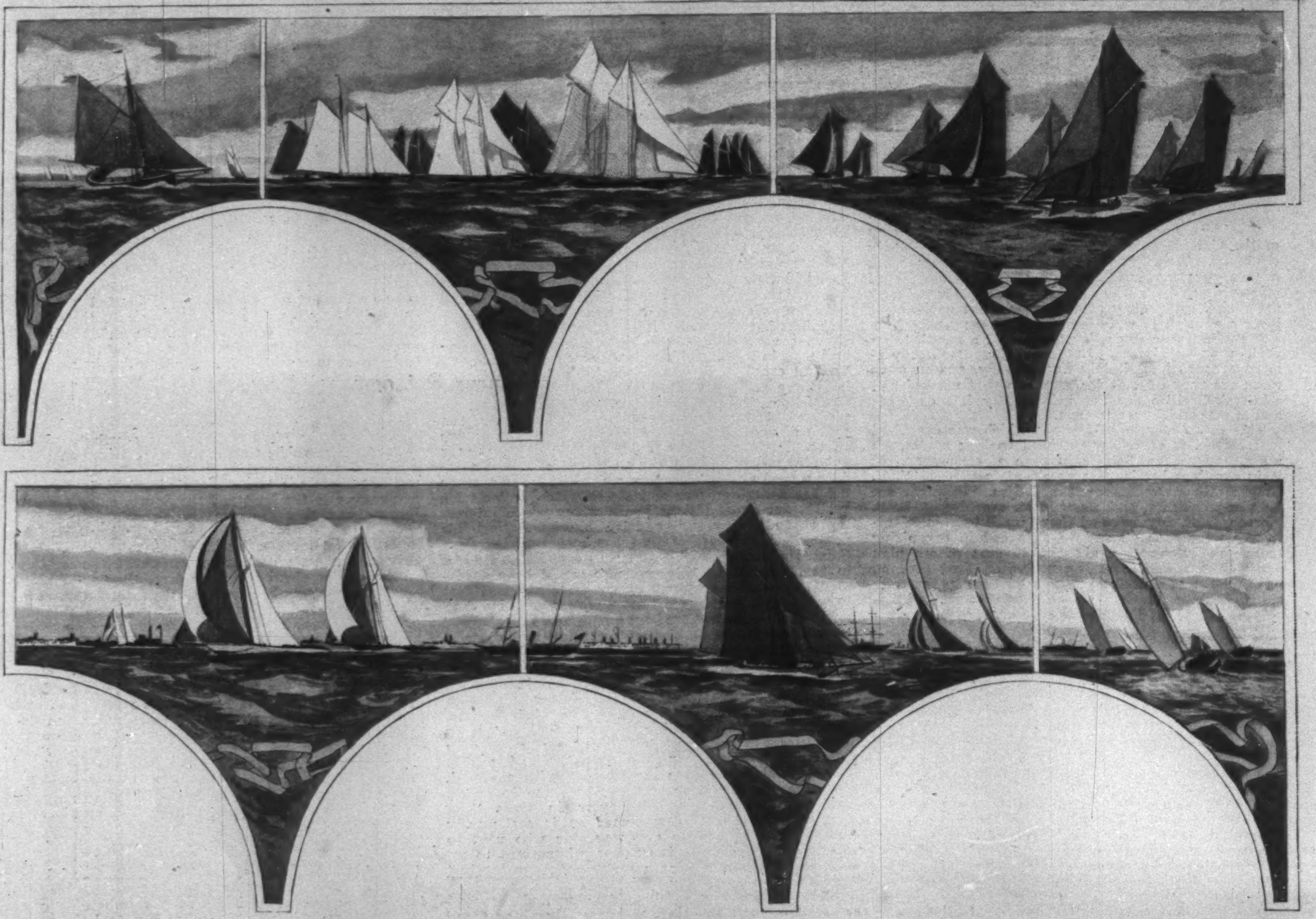
THEY say the Mormon Church is growing like the traditional weed; that it has more than two thousand missionaries working for it in all parts of the world. There are two or three hundred in Canada, many more in the East and the South, many more in Europe, and they are great missionaries, too. They work hard and draw very little pay. They seem, too, to believe in Mormonism, and in most places where they go they are abundantly stimulated by persecution. If the stories about them are true, they are making excellent progress in disseminating the doctrines of their Church and making converts. The enthusiastic modern Mormons are quoted as saying that polygamy has really gone out of their religion, and that when the plural wives now living have died, there won't be any more. Maybe not. Polygamy can hardly stand against the rise of American civilization, but the Mormon Church in its other particulars may last and flourish. It seems a curious heresy, but on its practical side, at least, it is strong, and it seems to excite just as much zeal as any other religion. It is worth knowing more about than most of us know. Polygamy aside, very few of us know how far and in what particulars it differs from the Christian religion. An American church which has 250,000 members is worth some study.

WE begin to get good accounts of the Paris Fair. As it becomes more nearly complete it gives better satisfaction. Mr. Nixon, the ship-builder, who came back from Europe the other day, told the newspaper reporters that it was a first-rate show. Nobody has said yet that it was not up to the Chicago Fair. It has been reported that the means of getting about in Paris are inadequate, and that it is hard to get to the fair unless you walk, but doubtless there will be improvement in that as well as in other things.

There are conflicting reports about the American Pavilion. Some newspapers have testified that its construction is unsafe, and that it won't hold a crowd without great danger of falling in on them; other papers say that it is all right; but unless Americans in Paris have better assurances about its construction than Americans at home have, it is not likely to be disagreeably crowded.

THE most excitement there is about Presidential candidates is a little flurry about the candidates for Vice-President. McKinley and Bryan seem to be assured, but there is great choice of mates for them. The new Republican possibilities include General Greene, Ambassador White, Senator Fairbanks, and others, and there is still some talk of putting Admiral Dewey on the Democratic ticket with Bryan. There are plenty of good men who seem willing to run on the ticket with Major McKinley, but still there is a cry for Governor Roosevelt, who does not want to run on it at all and probably won't. What Secretary Long said of him at the Harvard dinner last winter, that he would rather be right than be Vice-President, still seems to hold good, notwithstanding Senator Platt appears to favor him as strongly as ever.

SENATOR PLATT himself has been the subject of recent comment, especially since the adjournment of Congress. We are told that the Senator is getting tired; that he no longer shouts ha! ha! like the war-horse, when he goes out to political battle, but that he shows many signs of weariness and, sad to say, of age. There are much older persons than he who are still in the active exercise of authority: there are Queen Victoria, and Lord Salisbury, and President Kruger, and the Emperor of Austria, and plenty of others; but after all, no doubt, it is harder work to be a boss than an authorized ruler, and perhaps we ought not to wonder that Senator Platt as he comes to threescore and ten should be thinking of some easier job. After the fun is out of being boss, there must be very little that is attractive about that situation. It is pre-eminently a sporting job. Mr. Platt, too, is extremely steady at it. He does not go abroad like Croker and rest himself for months at a time, but keeps hammering away winter and summer. Since he has been Senator he has burdened himself with cares of legislation, and compelled himself to take many journeys, and to endure the debilitating atmosphere of Washington for several days out of nearly every week. Perhaps all that has helped to make him tired; and very likely the salt breezes of Coney Island will restore his flagging energies in some degree this summer.



FRIEZE, DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, FOR THE YACHT-MODEL BUILDING, PARIS EXPOSITION.

These reproductions of Mr. Chapman's original drawings for the frieze were made for "Harper's Weekly" before the exhibit was installed in Paris. The frieze shows all the winners of the "America's" Cup—from the "America" to the "Columbia." The Yacht-Model Section, with the frieze as it actually appears, is shown in the photograph below.

A National Industry in Peril

ONE of our most important national industries has become more and more crippled, until now it is in such imminent peril that unless prompt measures are taken it may soon become a memory. I refer to mackerel-fishing and lobster-catching.

American mackerel have been steadily and gradually growing more and more scarce for the past fifteen years, and lobsters have not only been growing equally scarce, but they have been getting smaller in size.

It is strange that the legislative eye has not been opened wide to this condition of things, and effective protective measures taken. The facts are well known, but those who should be incited to action have failed to act. Occasionally a newspaper prints a short article about the failure of the mackerel catch or comments on the decreasing size of lobsters. At rare intervals, too, some newspaper or magazine writer will stumble upon the facts and write an article, which apparently makes no impression on the average mind. A few thinking readers probably ponder over the question, and then dismiss it from their minds as a remote subject, and one without interest to them. It is not a remote subject, and it should interest every one who eats fish or has the welfare of this country at heart.

The annual catch of mackerel landed in New England ports—where most of our mackerel are landed—has decreased from 390,000 barrels in 1885 to from 10,000 to 25,000 barrels each year for the past ten years. For fifteen years there has been a steady decrease. The Gloucester fleet alone landed 500,000 barrels in 1880. For over twelve years we have been importing mackerel from Norway and Ireland, and these importations have increased as steadily and in the same ratio that the national catch has decreased.

Away back in 1889 over 27,000 barrels of mackerel were imported from Canada alone. In one week since then 6500 barrels were received from Norwegian and Irish ports. It is estimated that $18,000,000 has been sent to foreign countries for mackerel—a fish whose home is in American waters, and which should be more plentiful along the United States coast than anywhere else.

The lobster does not rank as high, from a commercial or from an epicurean standpoint, yet thousands of New England fishermen's families struggle to live through the long winters on the products of lobster-pots, and they have been forced to struggle harder and harder each year.

The ruination of what is one of our most important industries, from economic and financial stand-points, is far from remote. It is not merely a matter of depriving American people of what is both a delicacy and a staple food article, and which should be sold at one-half present prices. Neither is it a question of sending millions of dollars to foreign countries for fish that should be plentiful here.

The condition of these fisheries is due to insufficient, impracticable, and laxly enforced legislation, as well as to the methods employed in catching the fish. Fishing laws are few in number and weakly enforced, and what is probably their worst feature is their lack of concord. Many of the laws governing the catching of many kinds of fish are State and not Federal laws. It is absurd to have the catching and marketing of fish, that from the time of their catch to their sale to the consumer are under the jurisdiction of many commonwealths, controlled by State laws, which are not only at variance with one another, but are unequally enforced. These laws should be made and enforced by the Federal government; or that failing, the State laws should be uniform.

As an illustration of the necessity of this let us consider lobsters. Most of the lobsters are caught along the coast of Maine, and a large proportion of them are shipped alive by express to New York city. Under the Maine law no lobster under ten and one-half inches can be legally retained or sold. Up to a few years ago there was no New York law relating to the length of lobsters, and the Maine lobsterman was practically safe if he got his baby lobsters safely on the train. I have seen thousands of lobsters shipped to New York from Maine coast towns that would not average eight inches in length—veritable infants.

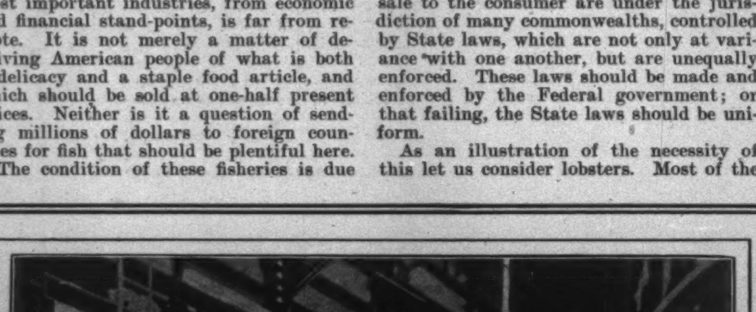
But to continue: A few years ago—four, I think—New York passed a law limiting the legal length of a lobster to nine inches. This showed a little progress, though the number of inches was ridiculously small, but the same temptation exists for the fishermen in Maine to violate the law of the State and smuggle his lobsters across the border.

The purse-seine has had much to do with the depletion of mackerel. It is a long and deep net, and is cast in such a manner as to completely enclose the whole or a large part of a school of mackerel. The ends, or bottom edges of the seine, are then drawn taut by means of lines running through metal rings, and escape is impossible.

Up to the time of the advent of the purse-seine—or "seine," as it is called—mackerel were caught almost entirely by hand-lines. In those days mackerel-catching paid well, and, moreover, fine fresh fish could be bought at an average price of ten cents each. Mackerel were fed to hogs, and even used as fertilizer.

The "new-fangled" seine changed all this. One cast was enough to load a "seiner," as the schooner was called. Often more mackerel were caught than could be taken away, and then the best were selected, and the rest left, either dead or dying. The seine was a boon, till finally the law of supply *versus* demand asserted itself, and prices fell. Prices fell so low that it was not unusual for a seiner to sail outside Boston or New York harbor and dump its load overboard, as it could not be sold at a price that would even pay for unloading.

So matters continued till about fifteen years ago, when what should have been expected happened. The mackerel began to suddenly disappear. No one knew where they went, and, what is even more strange, the majority of fishermen, vessel-owners, and other interested ones wondered at the



THE YACHT-MODEL SECTION IN THE AMERICAN EXHIBIT AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

MRS. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.
Died June 14, 1900.

change. But change there was, and this is how it was felt in Gloucester: The Gloucester catch was 329,000 barrels in 1885, 79,000 barrels in 1886, 88,000 in 1887, 46,000 in 1888, and 21,000 barrels in 1889, and it has been decreasing ever since.

Was there any action taken when matters came to such a pass? Oh no; neither State nor nation interested itself, and interested individuals were equally indifferent. They said it was "a bad year," and uttered similar commonplace remarks; but the seiners continued the slaughter, when there was anything to slaughter. Season after season "the fleet" sailed from the shores of Southern States as far east as Eastport, either pursuing mackerel or looking for a few to pursue. Vessels were run at a loss, frequently the season's catch did not pay the "grub bills," women and children at home did not have proper food, legislative bodies ignored the necessity of action, but still the slaughter continued. Had American mackerel been a pestilence, upon the extermination of which the future of the nation depended, they could not have been warred against more persistently and relentlessly.

To make the matter worse, thousands of barrels of mackerel no larger than brook trout were caught and taken to market. True, it often happened they were too small to be sold and had to be dumped overboard, but even such commercial lessons as these had no effect.

While matters were thus, small mackerel were sold and used for cod and haddock. Herring is the usual bait, but as herring and mackerel school together, hauls of the net frequently resulted in as many mackerel as herring being taken. The mackerel were rarely put back in the water, but were cut up for bait along with the herring.

The piratical menhaden-steamers that cruise along the New England coast in summer-time caught almost untold quantities of mackerel inadvertently, but it was an unheard-of thing for them to release them, although mackerel are of slight if any value to a menhaden-steamer.

It probably seems incomprehensible to the reader that such a condition should continue without steps being taken to improve it. It must be realized that the real conditions were not so apparent as they would have been had they been on the surface, so to speak; but what is going on under the surface of the Atlantic ocean is a matter of conjecture to a great extent.

The ignorant improvidence of the average Eastern fishermen suggests the fact that I have many times seen a lobsterman take a female lobster from his pot that was covered with eggs, tear off the eggs, and throw them overboard; or else eat them raw as they were, and place the lobster in his dory with others.

It may be presuming for me, a layman, to offer legislative suggestions on this subject, but here are a few that may be worthy of consideration:

Mackerel are not through spawning till July. They should not be caught before then. The seine should be abolished, and only the hook and line used. Mackerel should not be used for bait; they should not be fished for in shoal water, where they resort to spawn; and none under ten inches in length should be caught and retained.

Lobsters should be fourteen inches long. There should, for a time at least, be a close season from June 1 to September 1, when they change their shells, and there should be a severe penalty for catching and retaining a female lobster in spawn. I would like to see laws based on above lines made and enforced by the Federal government.

Measures for the protection of our fisheries should be adopted out of consideration for the fisherman if for no other reason. There is no class of people who have a greater claim upon us as a nation than the American fishermen. They are as valuable in time of war as they are during a series of international yacht-races. In the war of the rebellion and in the late Spanish war they helped man our ships, and they did yeoman's service in fighting for the Stars and Stripes.

Our fishermen are practically a standing army, quite as available in time of need as the militia, and for this reason, if for no other, they demand our protection.

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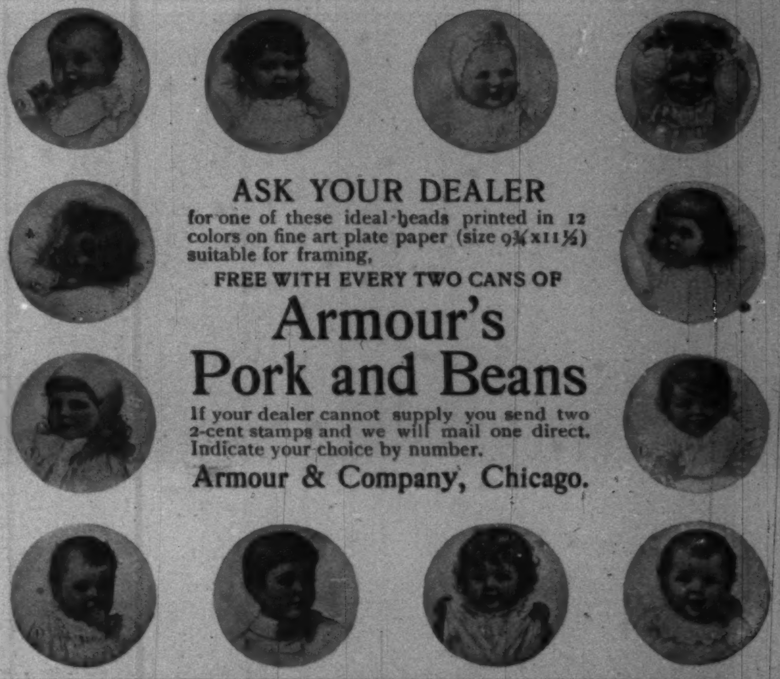

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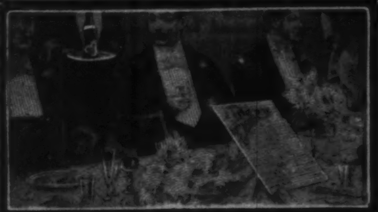
The Water of the Banquet Menu



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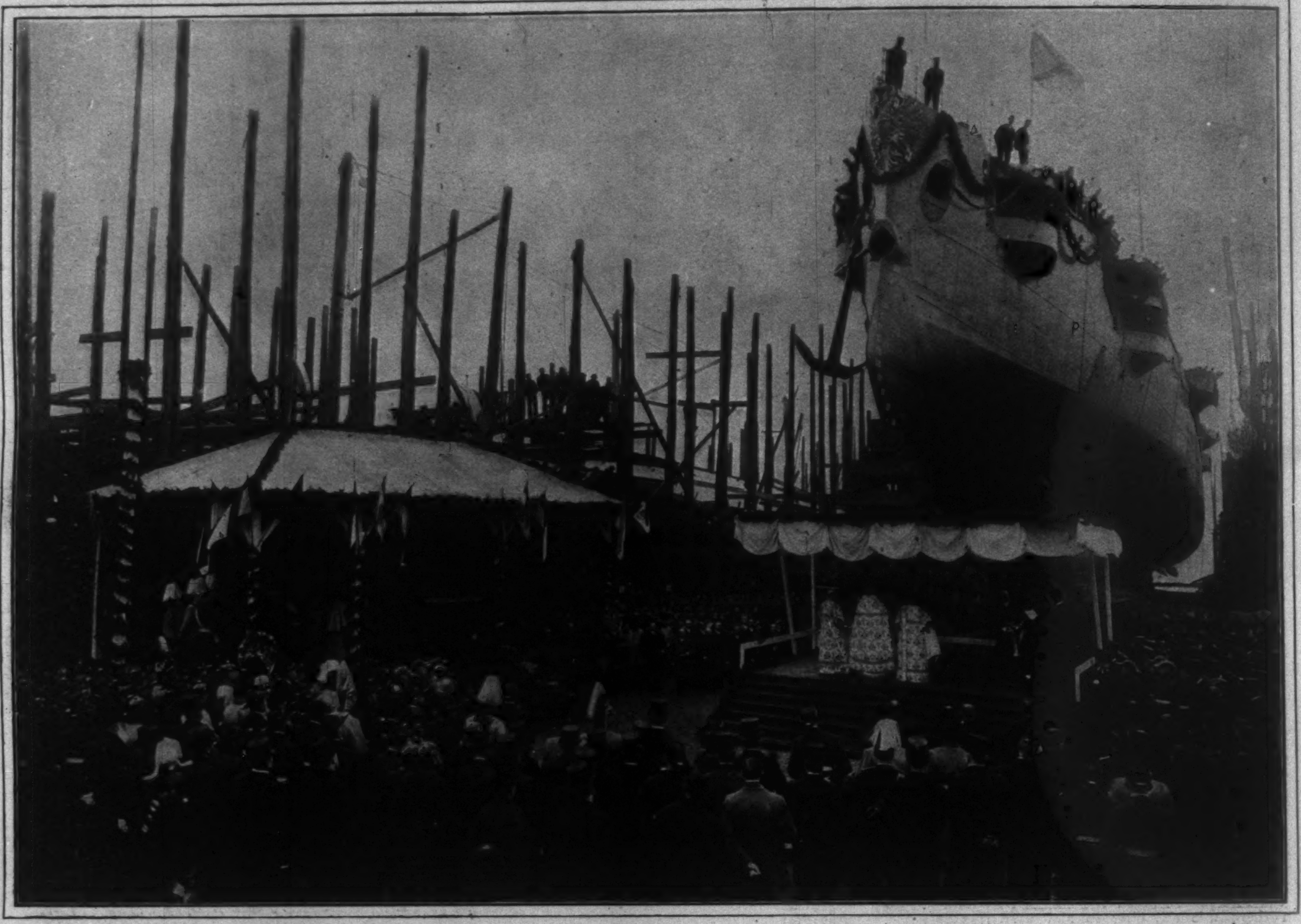


LAUNCHING OF THE GERMAN-BUILT RUSSIAN CRUISER "ASKOLD" AT KIEL.

Luzon Salt-makers

EVERYBODY his own salt-maker, so the Ilocanoes and Pangasinans of northern Luzon believe, and they follow out the theory in practice, for nearly every family living on the coast of the great Lingayen Gulf manufactures salt for home consumption, and sells the surplus to the villages of the interior.

In one settlement near Dagupan the occupation reaches the dignity of an industry, and an entire village is engaged in crystallizing the salt out of the earth. The process is the exceedingly simple one of scraping the salt-soaked land of the low coast country with a wooden harrow, and allowing the sun to evaporate the moisture until the ground takes on a condition of dry powder. This almost impalpable dust is scraped up in baskets, and packed into a narrow bamboo splint-woven trough, some six feet long, plastered with clay. Water is then poured upon the dry salt earth by the jarful, and leaches through, passing out by a small tube at the bottom. The clear water with salt in solution is then boiled down until it crystallizes in an iron kettle built in the top of a clay oven, as seen in the foreground of the picture.

In the south, among the Tagalogs of Cavite province, the process varies somewhat. Every family living on the coast has its own salt-ponds, which, skirted by beautiful bamboo clumps and great mango-trees, make very picturesque artificial lakes. These ponds are shallow basins, sometimes more than an acre in extent, walled in with a low mud dike, and provided with an entrance sluice, through which the tidal waters may overflow the ground and be penned in. Over the entire surface of these flats are raised circular beds, ten to twelve feet in diameter, flat on top and a foot in height. The salt water of the ocean is allowed to come in till it reaches just to the tops of these circular beds, soaking them through and through. The sun does the rest of the work by rapidly evaporating the moisture from them, and the salt appears as a white efflorescence at the surface, to be carefully scraped off by the owner. In this way they become practically self-feeding salt-machines of an exceedingly novel character, though the output of salt per diem from each bed is very small,

A SALT-POND IN CAVITÉ PROVINCE.

THE NORTHERN LUZON METHOD.

The St. Louis Strike

THE latest large American city to suffer from the blight of a serious street-car strike is St. Louis. Since May 8 last the employees of the leading street-car system of that city have been on a strike because of demands involving not only better wages and shorter hours, but the usual recognition of union labor by the street-car company. The strike early assumed a violent stage, and at this writing a dozen men have been killed, nearly one hundred have been wounded by bullets, and probably two hundred more persons have received injuries of various kinds as a result of the rioting.

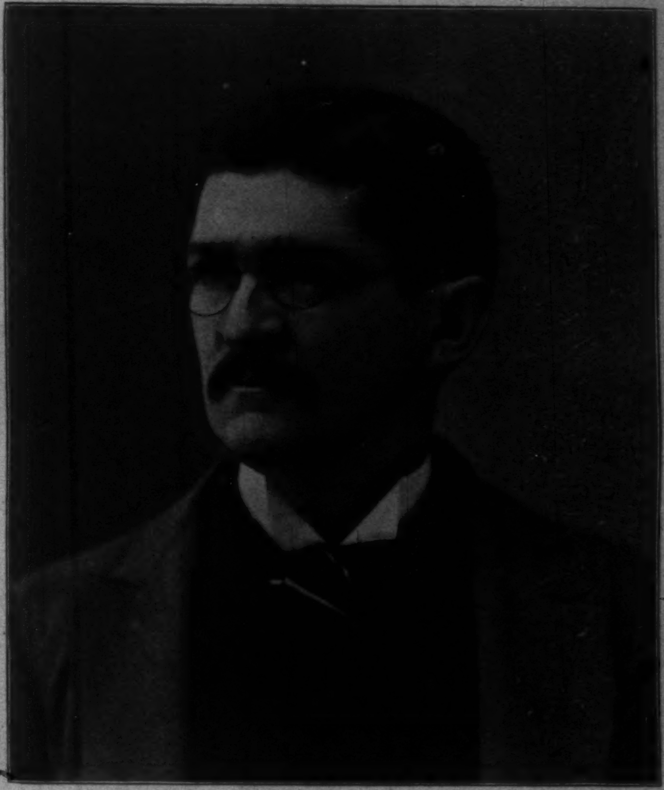
The St. Louis strike has been characterized by a most deplorable and pernicious political influence. Governor Lon V. Stephens is a Democrat, and Mayor Henry Zeigenheim, of St. Louis, is a Republican. The Mayor is a candidate for re-election, and the Governor, on behalf of the Democratic party, is as anxious as the Mayor on behalf of the Republican party to avoid giving offence to what is called the labor vote.

The police commission of St. Louis is appointed by the Governor, and hence there has been a lack of harmony between the Mayor and the police authorities. Although the fatalities of the strike reached what might be called large proportions, Governor Stephens refused to call out the troops. The Mayor tried to put the responsibility upon the Governor, and the Governor tried as hard to put the responsibility upon the Mayor.

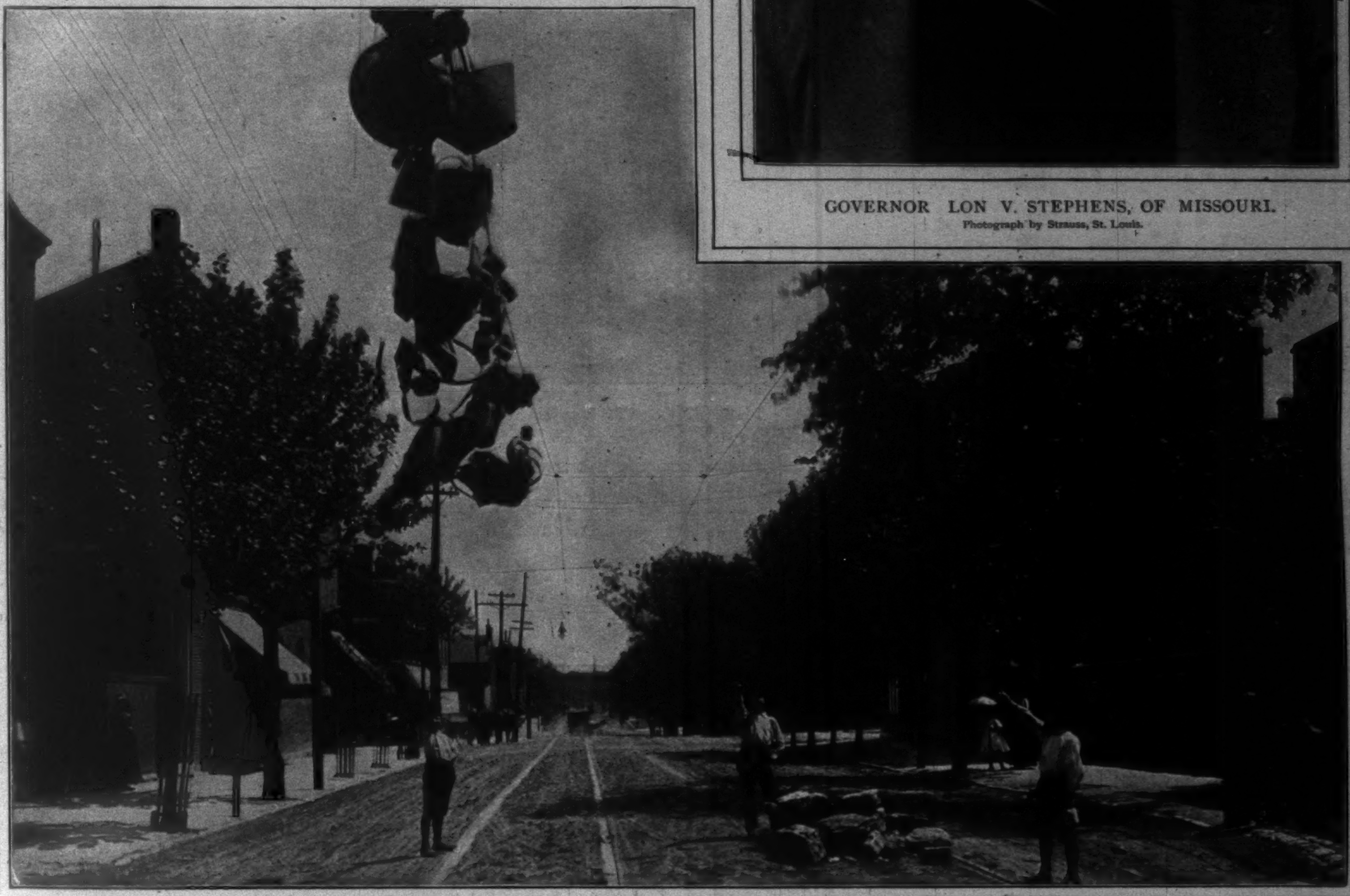
Finally, the sheriff was authorized to organize a posse-comitatus of twenty-five men. These men were armed, and what little struggle there was with the mob in the streets of St. Louis was done by this posse. On Sunday, June 10, three men were killed on the streets of St. Louis in a conflict with members of this posse.

Heretofore women have been safe from personal attack, if they chanced to use the cars of the hated street-car company for needed transportation. In St. Louis a concerted movement seemed to have been made to humiliate women who patronized the street cars in the grossest possible manner. No less than three of them were stripped entirely of their clothing upon the public street and hunted and kicked and buffeted about like wild animals.

IMPROVISED STREET CONVEYANCES.



GOVERNOR LON V. STEPHENS, OF MISSOURI.
Photograph by Strauss, St. Louis.



ACTUAL CONDITION OF MOST OF THE TROLLEY WIRES IN THE CITY.

TWO MEMBERS OF THE SHERIFF'S POSSE, AGED 73 AND 82 YEARS.

INSTRUCTING A MEMBER OF THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN ST. LOUIS.

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION. III.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF (*upon seeing the "Celestial Globe" for the first time*). "Rafe, we beat the French in most things, but blamed if they 'ain't got a bigger Moon than we have!"

The Sanitary Problem in Havana

A NATIVE Cuban of considerable wealth and influence recently stood watching the sanitary force cleaning out the kitchen of his house in Havana. Turning to an American friend who chanced to call just at that moment, he remarked bitterly, "And this is what we fought four long years to get." In that exclamation he expressed the feelings of all too many of the Cubans. Their streets have been cleaned and disinfected, their houses have been inspected and such improvements as are possible made in their sanitary condition, but they are not interested, and wonder what all the row is about. It is too prosaic, too close to the foundation of things. The political superstructure, with its dignity, show, and personal profit, is far more to their liking.

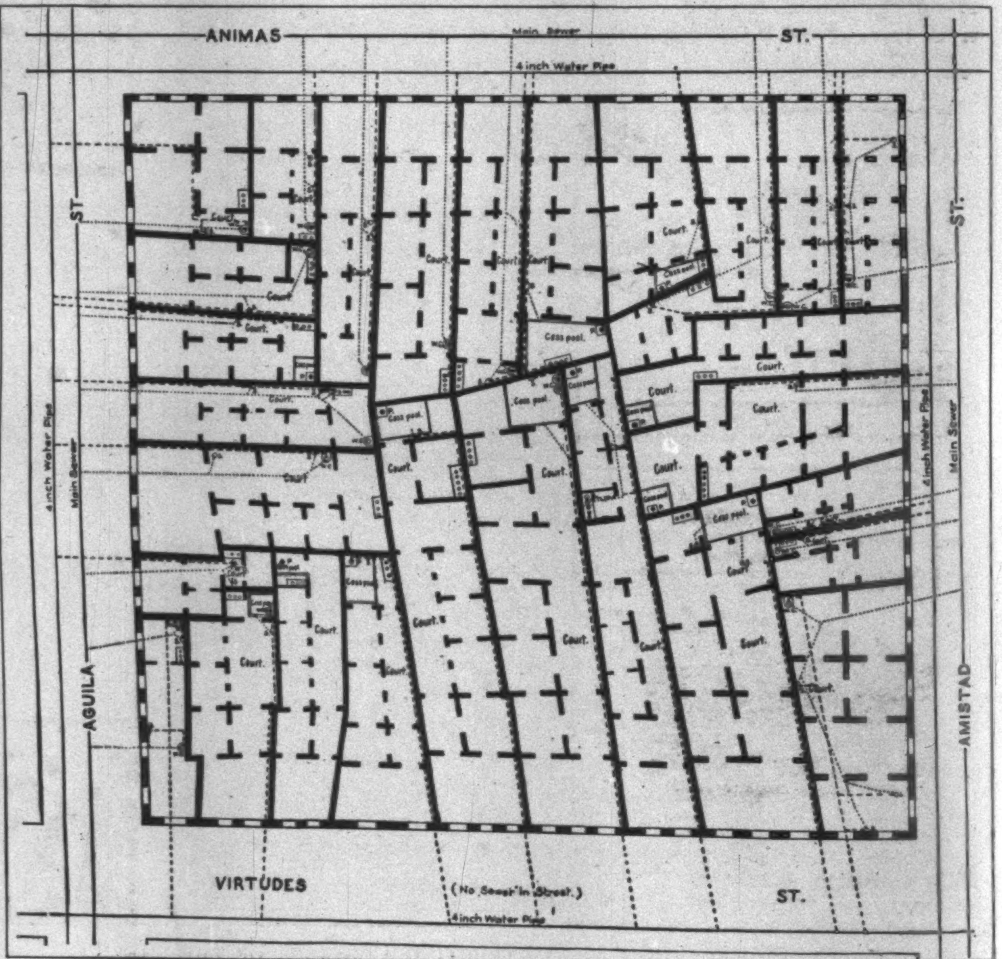
Much has been said and written about making Havana a good place to live in, but no one unfamiliar with the primitive conditions now prevailing in that city from a sanitary point of view can realize the greatness of the task. The city has no sewer system and even no surface drainage. The houses are generally of stone, and consist of a room fronting on the street, back of which extends a court, along the side of which are arranged other and smaller rooms. The last room in the rear is generally the kitchen. In the floor of this kitchen is dug a sink-hole. Into this hole, which has no outlet except the natural seepage, flows all refuse from the house. As long as the contents of this sink-hole keep below the kitchen floor all is considered well. When it overflows, a few loads are taken out to make room for more. Some of these sink-holes had not been cleaned in fifty years, until the restless Americans with their troublesome ideas came along and forced the owners to make some attempt at sanitation.

The greatest difficulty met with in this work has been the opposition or indifference of the people. Under the Spanish system there was always a way of getting out of doing something objectionable. If a man was ordered to clean up his property he could use influence or money, if he had either, and escape the consequences of disobedience. The same methods have been tried by the Cubans since the Americans assumed control, and to the great discomfiture of the former it was found they would not work. Even the rich and the influential are now forced to clean out the sink-holes in their kitchens and sweep the dirt from houses not so disturbed in a score of years.

There are a few sewers in Havana, but they are made of slabs of stone with open joints, and surface drains run into them. A slight shower and they are full, the water backing up into the streets and houses. The American engineers estimate that it will cost about seven million dollars for a proper system of sewers for Havana, and every house will then have to put in a connection in addition. The city has an excellent water-supply, sufficient for a population twice as large, but as the plumbing is so poor all over the city, the pressure cannot be applied to force the water into second stories without bursting nearly every water-pipe in town. Then, again, water is wasted in enormous quantities, as nearly every one lets it run night and day. It is easier to do this than to turn it off when it is not needed.

In the accompanying sketch is shown a typical residence block in the thickly settled portion of Havana. The business blocks are about the same, with fewer subdivisions in the houses. The first thing noticeable is the curiously irregular shape of the lots. The houses have no outlet to the street except the front door. There is no alley in the block and practically no drainage anywhere. Each house has its cesspool, and this is usually in the kitchen. Before Havana can become a modern city, from a sanitary point of view, it will have to be practically rebuilt, and before this is done voluntarily for sanitary reasons, the Cubans will have to outgrow their present indifference to unsanitary surroundings.

J. D. WHELPLEY.



TYPICAL RESIDENCE BLOCK IN THE CITY OF HAVANA.

Showing peculiar Shape of Lots, Arrangement of Rooms, and entire Lack of Drainage for the Property. Business Blocks are the same, except that there are fewer Subdivisions in the Houses.

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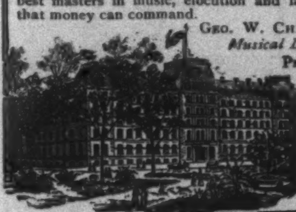

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

CROP reports are beginning to attract special attention, and there has been much speculation in wheat, with a sharp advance in prices. Too much rain in the southern section of the Mississippi Valley has had an injurious effect over a considerable area of winter wheat, and drought has damaged the prospects of spring wheat in the Northwest, especially in North Dakota, northern Minnesota, and Manitoba, while the outlook in the Central Western States and on the Pacific coast is quite cheerful. The wet effect of calculations on the wheat crop is a prognostication of short supply, an advance of price to nearly 80 cents a bushel, and lively speculation in futures in the Chicago "wheat pit."

The high price of cotton for the past season has stimulated planting, and there is an increase of over 2,000,000 acres in the area devoted to that crop in the South. The season is late and the heavy rains have had an unfavorable effect, but early crop reports have to be received with caution, as they are apt to be perverted to speculative uses. The "granger" stocks and the "pacifics" have already been somewhat weakened by the chance of a falling off in grain-carrying.

The process of adjustment in the iron and steel industries is hardly complete yet. There are still new reports of curtailing production and lowering prices, in consequence of the holding back of orders. It is now generally acknowledged that the stimulus of last year's demand for the products of iron ore drove the business to an activity that could not be maintained, and pushed prices to a level which put a check upon the demand. The reaction has become unmistakable; but it is generally believed that it is chiefly due to waiting for the adjustment of prices, and the lull will be followed by a less intense but more enduring activity.

General business has been somewhat affected, and the summer seems destined to be a rather quiet one in the commercial field. More than the usual number of people have gone and are going abroad to spend their money, and many are taking things quietly at home after the rush. While national politics does not seem to have a disturbing or depressing effect, it aggravates the disposition to wait for events, and probably the campaign will cause a late resumption of business activity in the fall. The railroads begin to feel the effect, and while reports of earnings are still regarded as "favorable," there is more conservative talk than there has been. In short, the high tide of prosperity shows signs of "retiring ebb," though there are no omens of decided reverse.

As the result of general conditions, the stock-market has been very dull, and its action has been confined mainly to "professional traders," which is the euphemism for speculators, and to dealings in the less staple of industrial securities. There has been little doing in railroad stocks, and prices have been a trifle weak. Those of the iron and steel companies have declined, while sugar and tobacco and local traction stocks have been irregular.

The money-market continues easy, with rates low, as they have been for many weeks now. There has been some falling off in the surplus reserves of the New York banks, which is attributed to the withdrawal of government deposits. One withdrawal of $5,000,000 from the depository banks has been made, and notice has been given of another of the same amount. But the actual reserves have increased, though not in the same proportion as loans and deposits, which exceed all recent figures. There is, in fact, an unusually large accumulation of funds in the banks of the metropolis.

Contrary to expectation, there has been a resumption of the exportation of gold, $3,500,000 having been sent to Paris last week. This seems to be due to the determination of the Bank of France to maintain its large reserve of coin, which is heavily drawn upon by the demands of the Exposition and the multitude of visitors with letters of credit paid for at home. It is said that the bank pays interest on the gold in transit, and its transfer is not purely a matter of exchange. The tendency in London has been to sell American securities of late, and that counteracts the tendency of gold in this direction, the Bank of England having special reasons for trying to retain it. The bank's reserves have been strengthening of late, and it has reduced its discount rate to three per cent. This is attended by greater ease in the money-market generally, a condition that prevails at other European centres, with the exception of Berlin, where rates are still maintained at a high figure.

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